

Punch

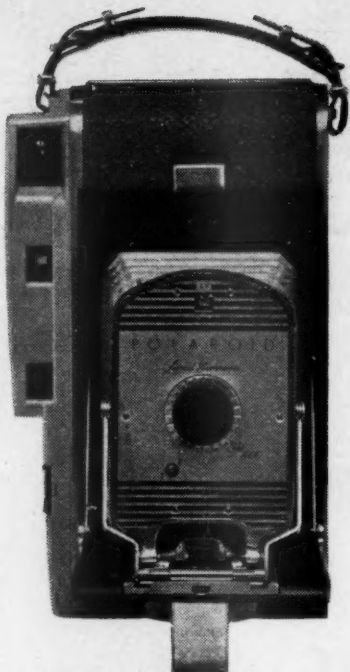
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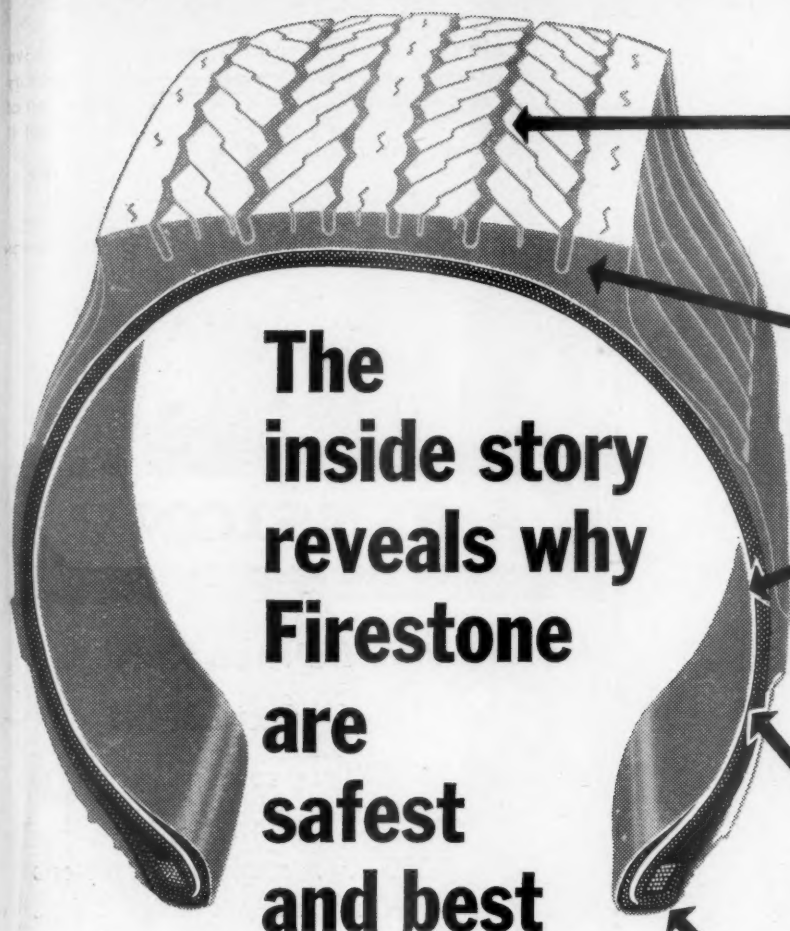
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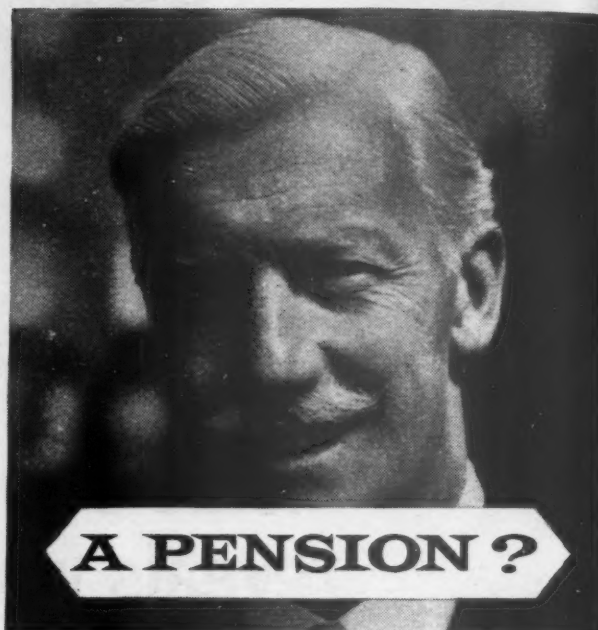
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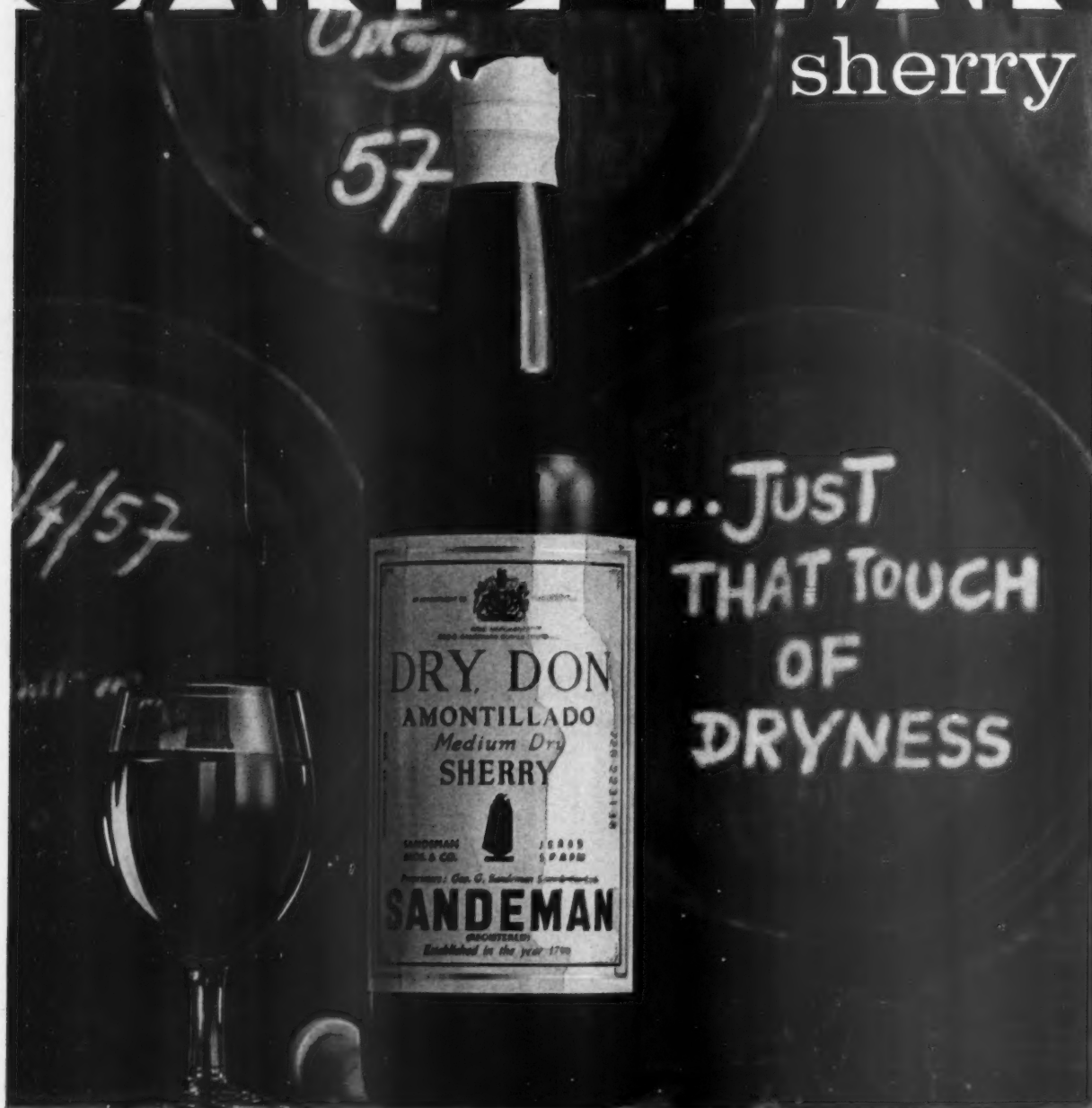
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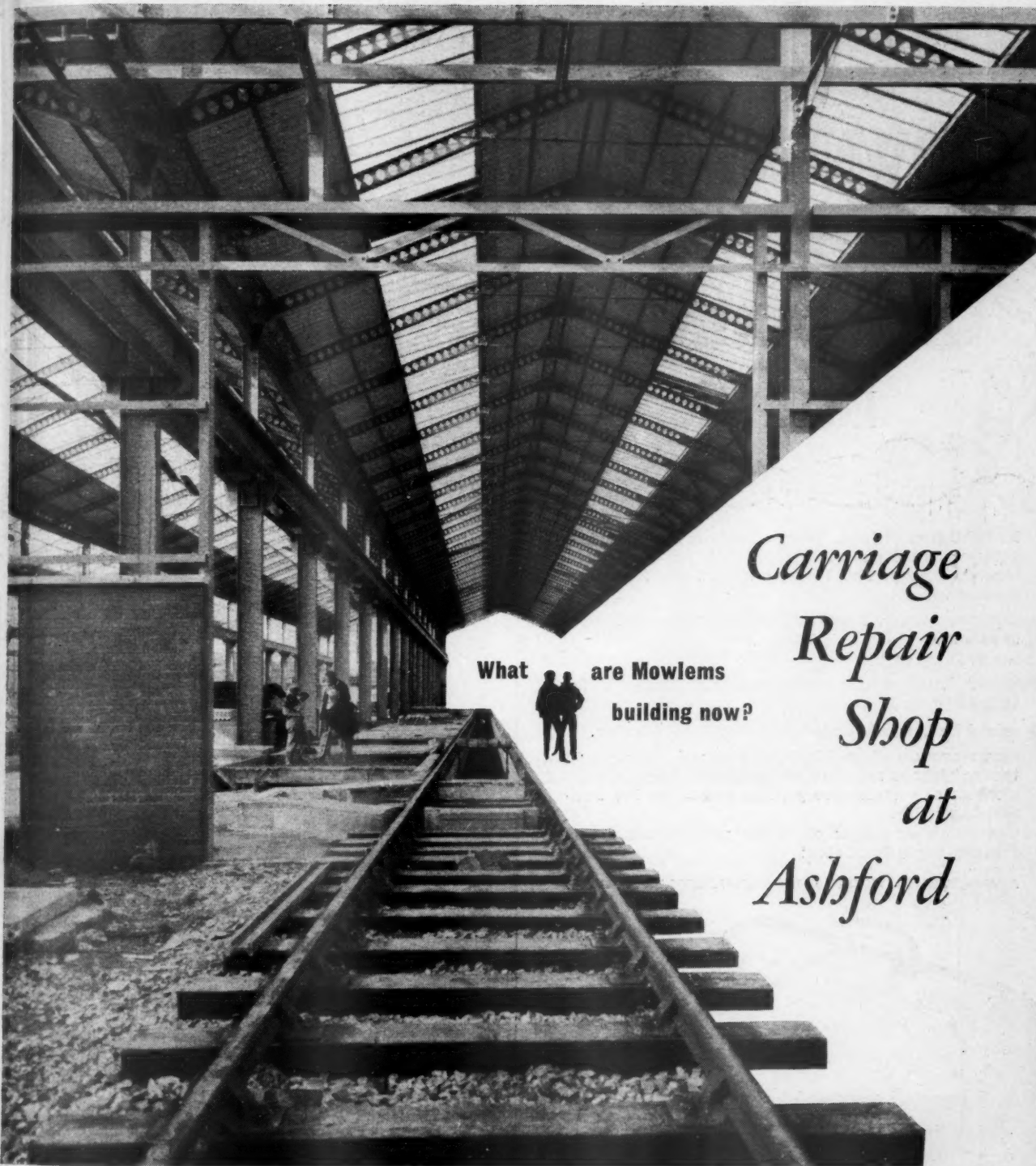


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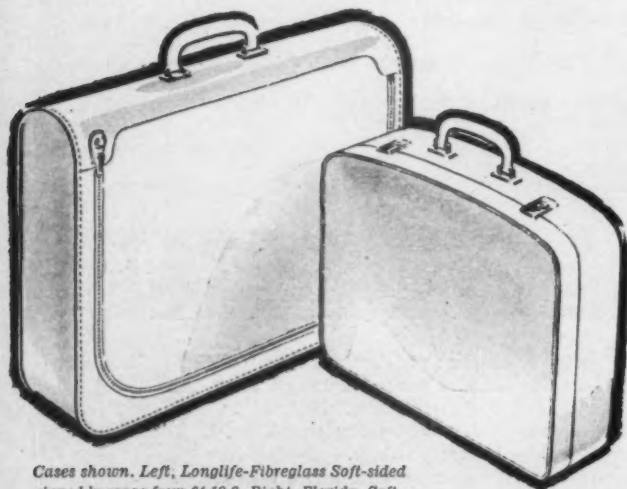
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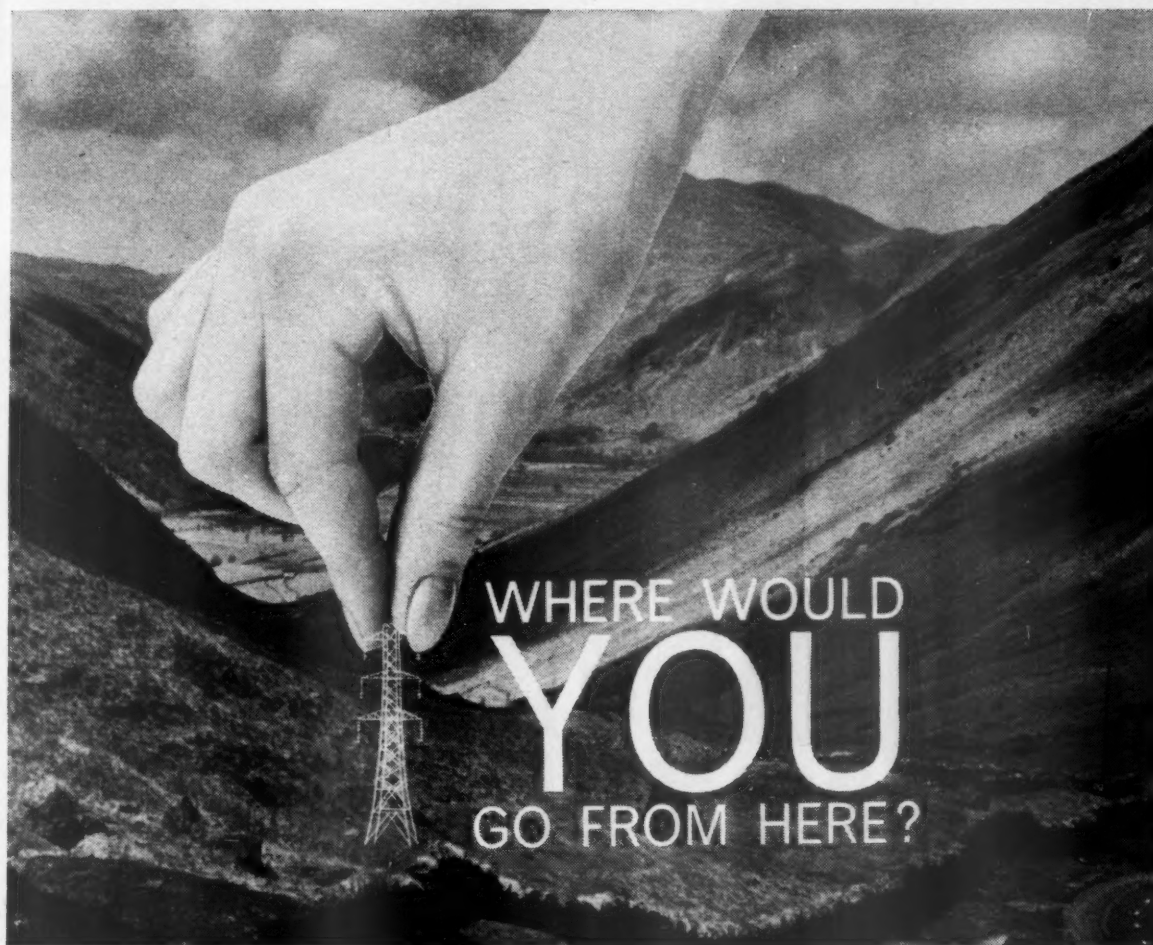
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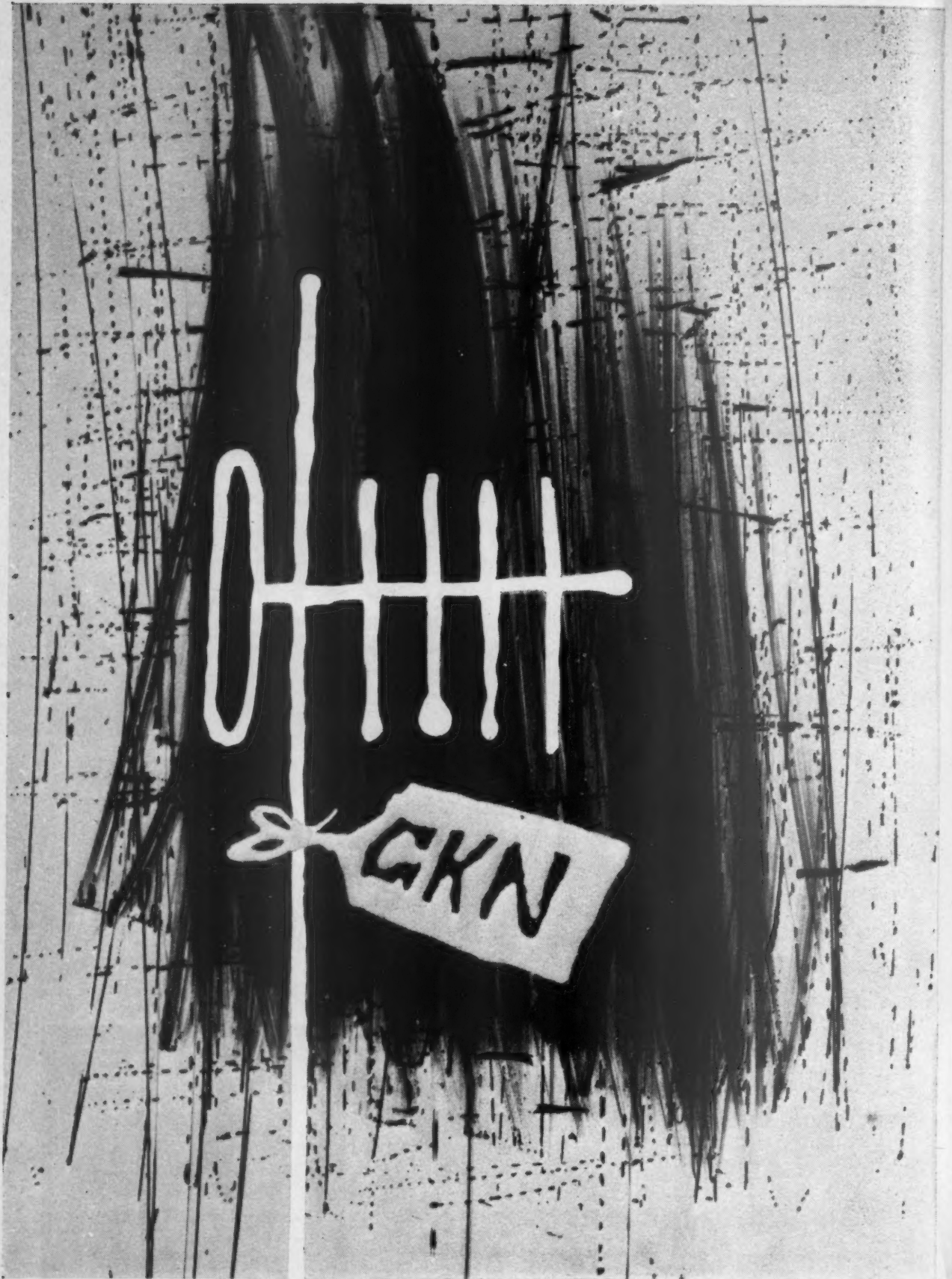


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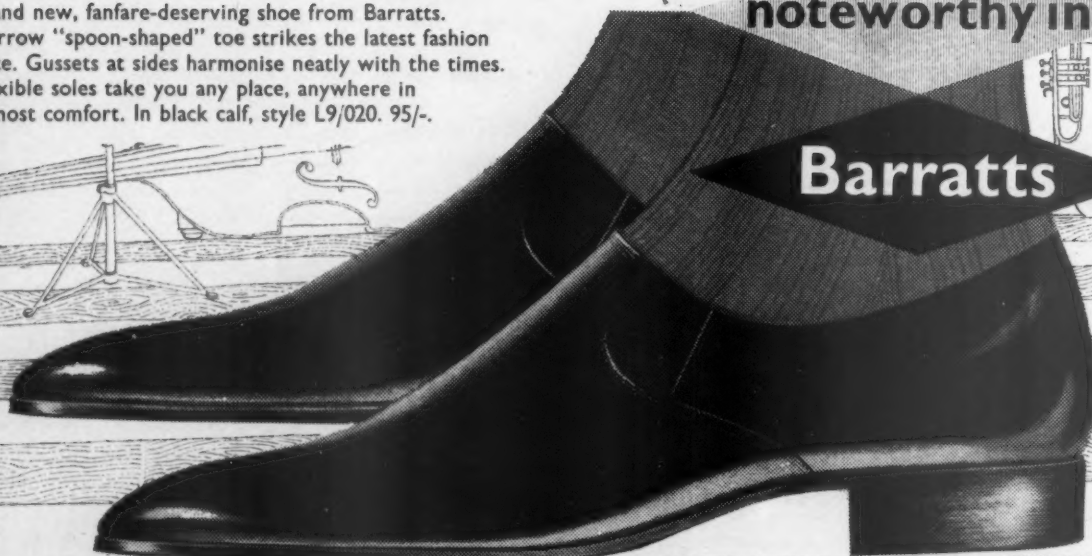
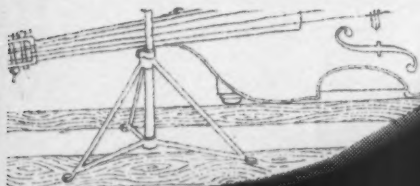
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THE LONDON CHARIVARI



THEATRE



Altona (Royal Court)—heavy emotional melodrama by Sartre about neurotic Germans.

The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places.

The Bargain (St. Martin's)—Alastair Sim in form in comedy-thriller.

Belle, or The Ballad of Dr. Crippen (Strand)—new musical.

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—Albert Finney triumphs in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty.

The Bride Comes Back (Vaudeville)—the Hulberts and Robertson Hare in simple-minded comedy.

The Caretaker (Duchess)—Harold Pinter follows brilliantly in footsteps of Samuel Beckett.

The Devils (Aldwych)—fairly dramatic play about seventeenth-century possession by John Whiting out of Aldous Huxley.

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna.

The Gazebo (Savoy)—gruesome comedy that doesn't quite come off.

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production.

Henry IV, Pt. I (Old Vic)—disappointing Falstaff.

Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated.

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams.

King Kong (Princes)—spontaneous but rather amateur musical from South Africa.

The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story.

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years' wonder.

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—disappointing production.

The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical.

My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical.

Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical, from *Oliver Twist*.

Ondine (Aldwych)—fairy tale by Giraudoux minus some of its poetry.

One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue.

On the Brighter Side (Phoenix)—witty revue with Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter.

Progress to the Park (Saville)—plotless slice-of-life about religious bigotry in working-class Liverpool.

The Rehearsal (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted.

Romeo and Juliet (Old Vic)—verse smothered in Italianate production.

Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence.

The Tenth Man (Comedy)—funny and touching drama in New York synagogue.

Twelfth Night (Old Vic)—patchy but interesting production.

The Wakefield Mystery Plays (Mermaid)—good production of fifteenth-century Bible documentary.

Watch it Sailor! (Apollo)—pierhead farce surprisingly well acted.

West Side Story (Her Majesty's)—exciting dancing in American musical about juvenile gangs.

The World of Suzie Wong (Prince of Wales)—kitchen-drawer novelette with glamour built-in.

Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable.

REP SELECTION

Birmingham Rep, **Naked Island**, until May 27.
Playhouse, Liverpool, **Someone Waiting**, until May 27.

Theatre Royal, Lincoln, **Mr. Pickwick**, until May 13.

Castle, Farnham, **Ten Miles from Harley Street**, until May 13.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

All Hands on Deck (Odeon, Marble Arch)—US peace-time Navy farce-comedy punctuated with songs by Pat Boone. In colour and Cinema-Scope; loud, simple, obvious.

Il Bell' Antonio (Paris-Pullman)—Half-comic, half-serious Italian story with sexually impotent hero.

Ben-Hur (Empire)—The old faithful spectacular; chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)

Bernadette of Lourdes (International Film Theatre)—A rather flat-footed French version of the story.

Carmen Jones (Rialto)—Reissue of the lively ingenious modern adaptation of *Carmen*. (19/1/55)

Cry for Happy (Carlton)—Reviewed this week.

Death of a Friend (Jacey in the Strand)—Much like other Italian young-crime pictures but with good points.

La Dolce Vita (Curzon)—The sweet life in Rome, on every level as seen by a gossip-writer. Very loose and episodic, variously entertaining and shocking; basically moral. (21/12/60)

Double Bunk (released)—British domestic fun on a houseboat; played for sniggers.

Exodus (Astoria)—Review next week.

Girls for the Summer (Cameo-Royal)—Multi-star, multi-plot Italian comedy in colour.

The Guns of Navarone (Odeon, Leicester Square)—Reviewed this week.

Mein Kampf (Continental)—Nazism from rise to fall. Uses film from many countries, including hitherto unpublished concentration-camp horrors. (19/4/61)

One Hundred and One Dalmatians (Studio One)—Full-length cartoon, Disney's best for years, from Dodie Smith's book. (5/4/61)

Payroll (Plaza—ends May 10)—Big payroll robbery, from planning to nemesis; scene Newcastle. (3/5/61)

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinematic in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir and Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

CONTINUED ON PAGE XVII



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XVII

Spartacus (Metropole)—Spectacular "epic" with Kirk Douglas as a gladiator: blood, violence and colour in the arena.

Taste of Fear (Berkeley)—Very artificial surprise-ending suspense story, poor man's Hitchcock. Helped by unusual speed of narration.

The Trials of Oscar Wilde (Cameo-Poly)—Much the better of the two Wilde films, with Peter Finch. (8/6/60)

Very Important Person (Leicester Square)—Simple-hearted British comedy with James Robertson Justice in the schoolboyish atmosphere of a POW camp. (3/5/61)

Where the Boys Are (Ritz)—US college students holidaying in Florida: four girls have varying luck with men. Funny moments.

The World of Apu (Academy)—Last of the Indian trilogy (1, *Pather Panchali*; 2, *The Unvanquished*) directed by Satyajit Ray: Apu married, bereaved, consoled. (12/4/61)

MUSIC

Royal Festival Hall

May 10, 8 pm, Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra (Fricsay), Yehudi Menuhin (violin), Kodaly-Tchaikovsky-Beethoven. May 11, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orch. (Sargent), Michelangeli (piano), Berlioz-Sibelius-Liszt-Debussy; 7.45 (Recital Room), modern chamber music. May 12, 8 pm, Philharmonia Orch. (George Szell), Henryk Szeryng (violin), Beethoven-Brahms. May 13, 8 pm, London Symphony Orch. (Krips), Haydn-Strauss-Brahms. May 14, 3 pm, Philomusica of London (Granville Jones), Bach-Marcello-Bartók; 7.30 pm, Michelangeli (piano). May 15, 8 pm, London Junior and Senior Orchestras (Ernest Read), Clifford Curzon (piano), popular programme. May 16, 8 pm, Philharmonia Orch. (Giulini), Rubinstein (piano), Verdi-Tchaikovsky-Chopin-Mussorgsky; 7.45 (Recital Room), Angus Morrison (piano), French music. May 17, 8 pm, Hallé Orchestra (Barbirolli), Cyril Smith and Phyllis Sellick (pianos), Haydn-Lennox Berkeley-Nielsen; 7.45 (Recital Room), John Ireland Society—chamber concert.

Royal Albert Hall

May 14, 7.30 pm, London Symphony Orch. (Fistoulari), Gabor Gabos (piano), Suppé-Beethoven-Johann Strauss.

Wigmore Hall

May 10, 7.30 pm, Sylvia Zaremba (piano). May 11, 7.30 pm, Richard Dyer-Bennett, "20th-century troubadour." May 12, 7.30 pm, Ruth Huggenberg (piano). May 13, 3 pm, Wilfred Brown (tenor) and John Williams (guitar); 7.30 pm, Rolston-Moore Duo (violin and piano). May 14, 3 pm, Aileen Howard (piano). May 15, 7.30 pm, Mercedes de Silva-Telles (piano). May 16, 7.30 pm, Kabi Laretei (piano). May 17, 7 pm, Students of Mrs. Bryan Gipps (two-piano recital).

Royal Opera House

May 10, 7.30 pm, *Falstaff*. May 11, 7.30 pm, *Lac des Cygnes*. May 12, 7.30 pm, *Falstaff*. May 13, 2.15 pm, *Les Patineurs*, *Pineapple Poll*; 7.30 pm, *Sleeping Beauty*. May 15, 7 pm, *Aida* (last performance this season). May 16, 7.30 pm, *Baisée de la Fée*, *Sylphides*, *Antigone*. May 17, 7.30 pm, *Falstaff*.

Sadler's Wells

Welsh National Opera Company (evening, 7.30 pm): May 10, *May Night* (Rimsky-Korsakov). May 11, *The Battle* (Verdi). May 12, *Mefistofele* (Boito). May 13, *Nabucco*. Handel Opera Society

CONTINUED ON PAGE XXII



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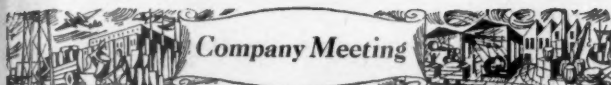
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Company Meeting

RUGBY PORTLAND CEMENT RECORD RESULTS

SIR HALFORD REDDISH'S REVIEW

The Annual General Meeting of The Rugby Portland Cement Co. Ltd. will be held on 2nd June. The following is an extract from the speech of the Chairman, Sir Halford Reddish which has been circulated with the Accounts:

Our deliveries to the home market in 1960 exceeded those of 1959 by nearly 16 per cent. Our exports increased by 31 per cent but profit margins in the export trade are now negligible. In the end, both the total deliveries of the parent company and the total deliveries of the group were a record and so have enabled us to report a record net profit for the group for the fifteenth successive year. For the first time our trading surplus exceeded £2m. and our group net profit after taxation exceeded £1m.

We propose that the dividend on the Ordinary shares shall be at the same rate as last year, namely 1s. 3d. a share; but this year it is of course payable on the capital as increased by last year's scrip issue which means that the distribution is increased by one-seventh.

The amount attributable to the 'A' shares for 1960 is £222,113 gross. We propose that the dividend on the 'A' shares should be raised to 2s. 6d. a share against 2s. 0d. a year ago. The amount now carried forward to the credit of the 'A' shares after providing for the proposed dividend is £365,077 gross or rather more than 7s. 3d. a share. It is in the nature of a dividend equalisation reserve.

HEAVY HOME DEMAND

The current year opened with an unusually strong demand in the home market, due partly to a substantial increase in constructional activity and partly to the comparatively mild winter weather. Our home trade deliveries in January were the highest for that month in the company's history; February's deliveries were higher still; while those for March were a record for any single month. On the other side of the picture was a further increase in costs in the closing weeks of 1960 and the early weeks of 1961, so that the profit-margin a ton for the first three months of the current year was somewhat less than that for the whole of 1960, in spite of the larger turnover. Nevertheless, it was a good start for what certainly looks like being a very busy and, I hope, profitable year.

Our Southam Works is being extended by the installation of a new unit with an annual productive capacity of 180,000 tons a year: it should come into production about the end of October.

It seems to be the fashion nowadays for Chairmen to make forecasts of profits and dividends. I have never done so and I do not intend to venture into the field of prophecy. I will merely say that we shall continue to do our best.

CAPITAL INVESTMENT

A very cheering feature at the present time is the intense activity of most of the capital goods industries, in which for this purpose I include our own. This should mean greater production and greater productivity in the future and in many cases a reduction of unit costs—all of which should improve our competitive position abroad.

I believe that the country's economy is essentially sound and I see no reason for pessimism. If I may invert and adapt a well-known quotation from the other side of the Atlantic—what is good for Great Britain is, by and large, good for Rugby Cement.

A copy of the full speech can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Crown House, Rugby.

ROSS GROUP LIMITED



A YEAR OF GREAT ACTIVITY AND DEVELOPMENT

The following are salient features of the Accounts for the year ended 30th September, 1960, and the report by the Chairman, Mr. J. Carl Ross, to the Annual General Meeting on 4th May, 1961.

"Since my last report to you the policy of broadening the trading basis of the Group has been continued, the year being one of great activity.

The Net Profit wholly applicable to your Company, after Taxation shows an increase of approximately 80 per cent at £494,213, a figure which does not reflect all the benefits of recent expansion, in that the profits of our new Subsidiaries have been included only from the date of acquisition."

The meeting confirmed the payment of a total dividend of 20 per cent and sanctioned the creation of a further 4,000,000 Ordinary Shares of 5/- each. If the acquisition of Sterling Poultry Products is successful, 2,764,685 Ordinary Shares will remain unissued.

After commenting on the continuing modernisation of the trawling fleet the Chairman's statement continued:

ROSS FROZEN FOODS

During the year under review, there was considerable expansion in both production and distribution of our Frozen Foods, sales having increased by 54 per cent on those of the previous year. Constant research aims at increasing the range of products available, and most careful control ensures that only the very best is good enough to be packed under the "ROSS" label.

THE YOUNG GROUP OF COMPANIES

It is gratifying to report that this Group has experienced successful trading and again made a substantial contribution to our Profit. Sales of quick-frozen Shellfish products have continued to rise throughout the past year, a tribute to the excellence of these specialities.

OTHER ACTIVITIES

A comparison of the turnover for 1960 with that of five years ago gives a clear indication of the rapid advance and diversification in the trading pattern of your Group:

	1955 £	1960 £
Value of fish landed from our vessels ..	2,000,000	4,000,000
Fish Trading at the Ports, Inland Wholesale and Retail	5,000,000	9,500,000
Shipbuilding, Engineering, Motor Transport and Motor Distribution	200,000	3,500,000
Frozen and other Foods Production and Distribution	300,000	11,000,000
	<u>7,500,000</u>	<u>28,000,000</u>

Whilst this table shows the remarkable increase in the sales of our Frozen Foods and other Foods it should not be overlooked that your Group is, at the same time, the largest distributor of Fresh Fish in the country, a nationwide network of depots ensuring a first-class service to all fishmongers and fish friers. Eighty per cent of all fish sales in the United Kingdom are of Fresh Fish. Your Group is handling an increasingly large proportion of this valuable outlet for the catch of its Trawling Fleets.

FUTURE PROSPECTS AND FINANCIAL POLICY

The expansion in your Group's interests has continued since 30th September, 1960 by further acquisitions, resulting in the issue of 305,872 Ordinary Shares of 5/- each. These acquisitions will strengthen our activities mainly in the Frozen Food and other Food sections of the Group.

An offer which we have recently made to acquire the whole of the Issued Share Capital of Sterling Poultry Products Limited has received the unanimous support of the Directors of that Company and the Sterling Shareholders are being recommended to accept it.

The Consolidated Profits, before Taxation, of the Parent Company and its existing Subsidiaries, for the current financial year to date, are in excess of those for the corresponding period of last year. In the absence of unforeseen circumstances, it is our intention to recommend, in respect of the current year, Dividends totalling not less than 20 per cent (less Tax) on the Ordinary Share Capital as increased by the shares to be issued should the Sterling offer be successful.

Copies of the Annual Report and Review are available from: The Secretary, 1, HUTTON ROAD, GRIMSBY.



BANK ADVERTISING IS ALWAYS A PROBLEM...

... because some of those who see it are rather too young to appreciate it, while some have a bank account already. And once people have chosen a bank they tend to stick to it, and finally to regard it as an old friend.

BUT if you *haven't* yet taken the plunge (and nowadays a bank account is really as essential as a telephone), you should make a beeline for your nearest branch of Barclays. Opening an account there will only take a few minutes and our staff will gladly explain to you how very useful it can be and how little it need cost you.



BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

Money is our business

PUNCH

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Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



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*For overseas rates see page 738.

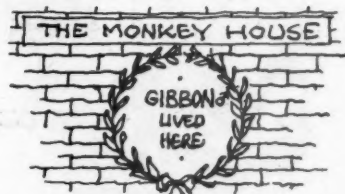
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Charivaria

THE preliminaries to Commander Shepard's brilliantly exciting space-lob I found vaguely disturbing. I must say I was somewhat surprised to find that spacemen could only be put up if the weather conditions were suitable for them. Here I have been telling myself comfortably that the Russians will never launch a rocket against the West because they know that before their rocket even lands the Americans will launch one back again at them; and now it seems that the Americans have to wait until it stops raining, by which time it may be that I shan't even care whether anybody is launching rockets or spacemen or anything at all.

Hint

THIS year is the eighteenth centenary of the accession of Marcus Aurelius, and how better commemorate it than by doing something for the memory of our greatest historian, who considered his reign the golden age after which the Roman Empire Declined and Fell. There ought to be a Gibbon Professor-



ship of History and the Professor ought not to be a specialist in Ancient History or a specialist in Medieval History but someone whose life has been spent trying to clear the mists that lie between

the early Roman Emperors and 1066. Gibbon and Oxford parted coolly. Now Oxford ought to raise a fund and do Gibbon proud.

Stand Easy!

WHEN Lord Lambton called for the return of conscription last week he failed to use an overwhelming argument from the recent affray in Algiers, where the conscripts turned out to be almost the only sane elements in the army. This is always likely to



be so, for any regular army, creaking under the boredom and frustration of peace, is bound to get madder and madder. It takes a natural civilian, whitewashing the CO's coal or planning to assassinate the Minister of Culture, to realize that this is not the ultimate purpose of life.

Water Music

TRUMPETERS of the Carabinieri greeting Queen Elizabeth in Rome had to hold their instruments downwards to prevent the rain bringing the music to a stop (see any musical drill-book: Fanfares, sounding of, in inclement weather). How little we think of the hardships of outdoor musicians: those soggy drums, those flutes snuffling at every hole, those gurgling accordions, those trombones threatening to ice up,



"You mustn't be so sensitive—I naturally assumed you were an agent for Brand X."

those tubas rearing and shuddering in a wind of Force Eight. The boys in the Festival Hall don't know they're born; yet even they may be seen shyly dehydrating their wood-winds from time to time.

Outlook, Overcast . . .

I HOPE it is just the usual copy-writer's freedom with words, and not brilliant advance publicity, that has caused a leading cosmetics firm to advertise its wares with the slogan "MUTATION TONES—For the Perfectly Natural Look."

. . . All Round

And, by the same token, that the Design Centre have no expert foreknowledge of the coming cricket season behind their window-display of batting gloves and a cricket ball, but no bat.

Another One for the Road

LORD DENNING'S recent suggestion that, as juries so often refuse to convict for drunken driving, these cases should always be heard by magistrates has aroused shocked howls from purists who, while preferring not to be called for jury-service themselves, like to think of jurors as bulwarks of British liberty. Surely drunken motorists are a far worse threat to the liberty of the subject than almost any bench of magistrates. Injustice used to take the form of the conviction of the innocent; now it is more often the acquittal of the guilty. If juries won't do their work conscientiously, somebody else must.

Footprints in the Sands of Time

THE Queen-Elizabeth-slept-here line of sales talk seems arrogantly self-confident by the side of the claim advanced for a workhouse up for sale at West Malling, Kent: "Believed to have been in Charles Dickens's mind when he wrote *Oliver Twist*." There is a promising line here for estate agents. With the cotton trade far from buoyant derelict looms "so dark and satanic as almost certain to have inspired Blake" might fetch bids, and an ill-preserved grouse moor with yawning vacancies from August 12 onwards could rally the sportsmen if pinpointed as within gunshot of Wuthering Heights. Note for tourist agencies: "Don't miss the sewers, virtually unchanged since *Les Misérables*."

The Moving Finger Writes . . .

DAME EDITH SITWELL, refusing an invitation to a function, recalled an "insulting" verse written by the host thirty years ago. The Statute of Limitations, which stops you from recovering land after twelve years, debts after six years, and reputations damaged by slander after two years, doesn't cover owings of grudges. The Count of Monte Cristo waited a long time, too, to settle old scores.

The Birds and the Bees

MUCH of what is said in the House of Commons by MPs



"That awful Benn man! And George sweating on the top line for years as plain Mister."

Next Wednesday's *Punch*

will be

THE SUMMER NUMBER

REBECCA WEST

Summer in England

GERALD DURRELL

Summer in Corfu

HEWISON, SEMPE
MAHOOD

Reporting on Places

Coloured drawings by ffolkes,
Roth, Sempe, Smilby.

smacks of immaturity. This impression is surely confirmed when one learns that all the books on sex in the library there are kept carefully under lock and key.

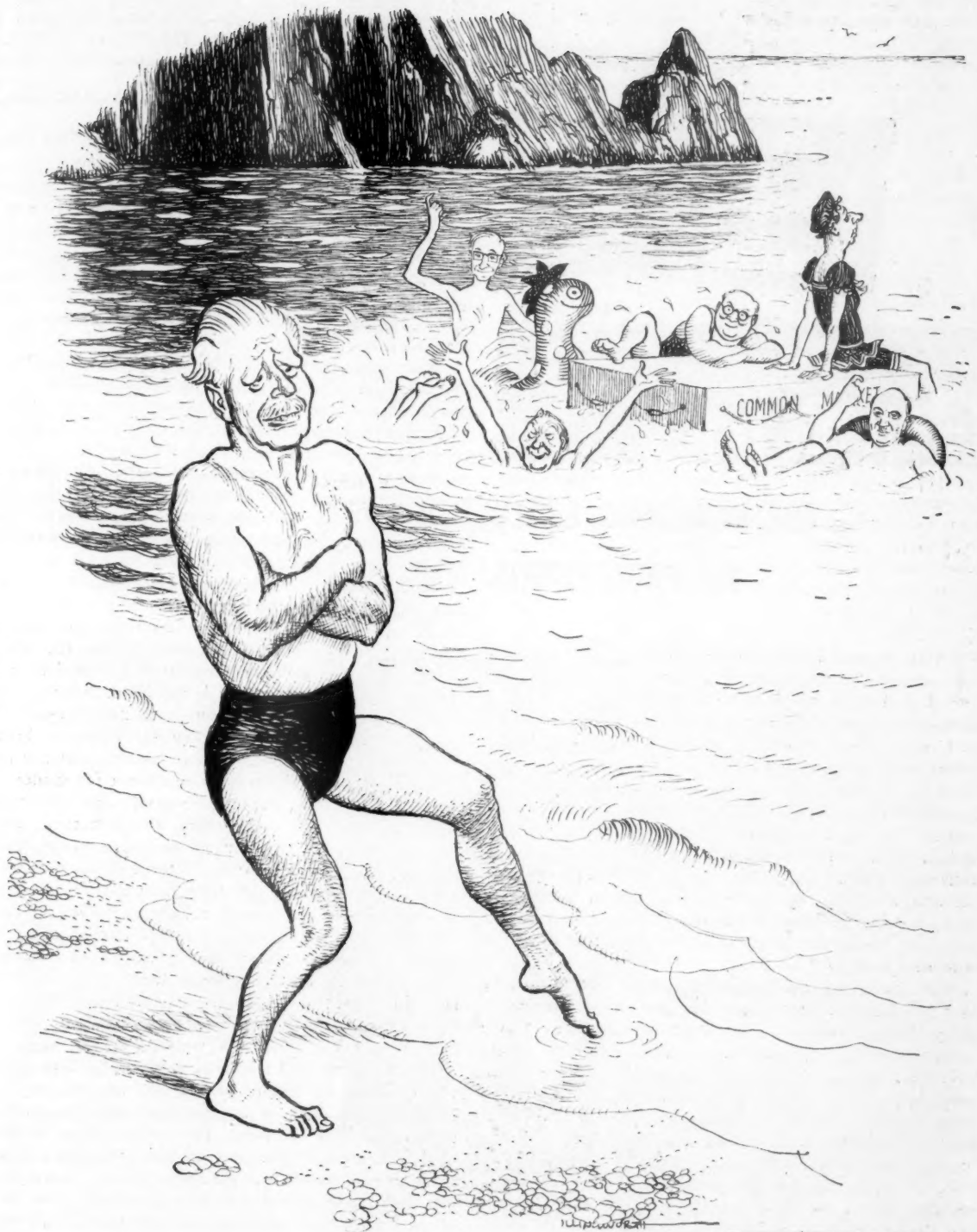
High Water Mark

CASTE rears its ugly head almost as persistently as sex. It's supposed to be illegal in India nowadays, but lo! the poor Indian Government employees have been detected drinking from separate pitchers; a sort of directors' water for high-caste Hindus and wallop from the wells for lower grades. Lal Bahadur Shastri (Home Minister) has rightly called for punishment for those responsible for maintaining this distinction. Watercarriers, no less than water drinkers, must watch their step; what snobbish fools they would feel if they had imperialistic poets writing about them "You're a better caste than I am, Gunga Din."

Two-Edged Sword

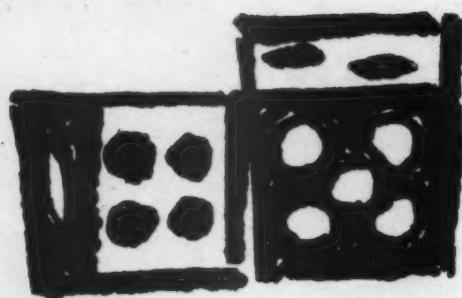
I UNDERSTAND that most of the money collected in fines from the citizens who sat down in Parliament Square last week goes straight to the Treasury. In other words the more often these citizens demonstrate against the H-bomb, and the more of them there are doing it, the more money there will be available for building more H-bombs. I think wistfully of what the poet Burns used to say about the best-laid plans of mice and men.

— MR. PUNCH



"Go on, it's warmer in than out."

Profit and loss account
of the man who has a flutter



GAMBLING

THE ECONOMIC ANGLE

By PAUL FERRIS

THE finances of gambling probably suffer more from inflated imaginations than do most rows of figures, not least because the only body in Britain that makes a guess at our over-all indulgence is the Churches' Committee on Gambling, and this is rather biased. The Committee (where, strangely enough, inquirers are referred by the Treasury, which refuses to hazard any guesses) currently brandishes a figure of about £650,000,000, which certainly sounds alarming, but represents turnover—most of it goes back to the punters—so that the true expenditure, which is what the betting industry takes from the punter in profits and expenses and what the Government takes in taxation, is probably nearer £70,000,000 (this was the Royal Commission's guess ten years ago, when the Churches' figure was about the same as it is now).

Most economists deride any suggestion that this could affect the Ship of State. Something like one two-hundredth of the national resources, as they so grandiloquently call them, are expended on the gambling business, and even if one stretches a point to include car-park attendants at race-tracks, sports journalists, and postmen who spend their time delivering pools coupons, gambling employs no more than 100,000 people—and many of these are part-time girls with the football-pool firms.

As far as governments are concerned gambling is a convenient industry to tax, provided the Revenue or Customs and Excise can arrive at the truth about the turnover, which they certainly can't with great areas of the business, from dice around Paddington Station to bookmaking generally. As a man from the Bookmakers' Protection Association put it, without a smile: "I don't suppose the average bookmaker

PAUL FERRIS, aged 32, is Welsh but lives in London, which he dislikes. Married, two children. Last year he published a book called "The City", a novel ("Then We Fall") and three articles about the clergy. Thinks gambling is boring.

keeps records of the amounts staked with him." But betting duty is collected from the pools at the rate of 30 per cent of stakes, which brings in more than £30,000,000 a year, and on dog-track totalisator stakes—10 per cent, or around £6,000,000. There is even said to be an official dogma that gambling is highly milkable because gamblers are not, by their nature, given to rational calculation, and their irrationality makes any tax less noticeable.

One kind of gambling that some economists will take seriously is stock market speculation, though this is a subject on which discussion tends to bog down over definitions of "gamble" and "speculate." Stockbrokers follow a predictable line of argument, asking whether your wife buys eggs when they're cheap, or whether you delayed selling your car until the second-hand market had recovered, then snapping triumphantly: "You see, we're all speculators!" But on any common-sense view, the Stock Exchanges facilitate heavy gambling of a pure kind, designed solely to make quick tax-free capital profits, and unofficially estimated within the London Stock Exchange as accounting for 5 per cent of the market's turnover. The amounts of money that change hands here could have a far-reaching effect, and it's probable that capital gains made by share speculation gave financiers and business men generally at least some of the incentive and power that led to the economic boom of 1959 and 1960.

Gambling on credit, which is the chief cause of trouble among punters, is the essence of stock market speculation, since the typical short-term speculator will be a broker's wealthy client, or a wealthy broker himself, whose word on the telephone or in the Exchange will be good for hundreds of thousands of pounds. Not that the speculator is likely to have to find anything like that amount, since his credit lasts at least to the end of the fortnightly Account, and may be extended into the next, and by the time he has to settle, he will have undone the transaction with a balancing sale or purchase: this is what should make him a profit, but even if it makes him a loss it will be only a fraction of his total "stake." Lesser men may persuade their bank managers to advance them cash for share speculation, though they usually have to put up other shares as security: as with most gambling, the sad, basic truth is that before you make it, you've got to have it.

This, of course, isn't true of the amateur, small-time punter, who can make his fortune for a copper any Saturday in the football season, but at astronomical odds that make the professional hold his nose. The amateur lacks the quality of desperation that gives the full-blown gambler's economy its distinctive flavour. Acute desperation is something that hits stock market gamblers as they grow older—the thought of the "quick turn" that would ensure the Riviera villa for all time, as a decent reward for a lifetime of paying accountants a small fortune in order to snatch a slightly larger, but still imperfect, fortune from the clutches of the Inland Revenue. With racing punters the desperate need to make an immediate

packet is usually felt by the young, who mature into clubmen with hair-raising reminiscences and the safe habit of a small bet every day.

But the chronic desperation which is the badge of the professional—the nagging need to win because he is committed to a way of life—is quite enough to colour his view of money. Money becomes divisible: winnings can become money for spending, but more important they can become unspendable money for the next bet (thus the gambler's notorious meanness), the next stage in the scheme that will lead to affluence. Among the dog-racing crowd at West Ham or the horse-racers at Kempton will be a hard core of professionals whose aim in life is to build up their "racing money," their capital, to £50 or £100, so that they can really make it work for them; having built it up, their ideas expand, or their wives become importunate, or both; they rarely arrive.

Still, perhaps few people who are ambitious ever do arrive, and a commentator should stick to the mechanics of the business. The credit bettor is the most interesting bird, since here the scope for success or failure is obviously greater. If a Government Social Survey can be trusted, more than a million punters get credit from bookmakers, usually for horse-racing, and in season they spend an average of £2 or £3 a week. These are the people who can usually afford it, but, unlike the millions who bet only in cash, may be in real trouble if things go wrong. The cash bettor, who predominates in dog-racing, is usually very small stuff, at the

worst mortgaging his future a week at a time; or very affluent, like the late Aly Khan, who was said to go racing accompanied by a man carrying £5,000 in cash; or an embezzler (typically a cashier or solicitor) with hot banknotes distributed through his pockets, as a kind of talisman against losing the lot at once. What all credit men should have is an exact record, readily accessible in a notebook, of profits and losses, since optimism about the true position can be, and often is, dangerous.

Credit of more than a few pounds may be hard to obtain at first, but as soon as a bookie has a good client who pays his bills, he's tempted to give him more rope. A true gambler, earning, say, £20 a week, will gladly divide income by the number of racing days in the week, and stake accordingly, as long as he's having a winning run: the difficulty is to decide when a winning run has ended and, before it does, to resist the temptation to raise the stakes. If disaster results, the average credit bettor won't be ruined, though life may be nightmarish for a year or two, until the bookie has been paid; this is where a moneylender may be brought in, allegedly to pay off the bookie, and collect the debt from the punter by means of a series of post-dated cheques that squeeze him fiercely, with interest at 100 per cent or more. The bookie can't legally demand payment of gambling debts, but a surprising number of bettors don't know this, and those who do may succumb to strong-arm threats; bad debts are below 2 per cent of bookies' turnover.

But the fact is that the economics of most gamblers are no more remarkable than those of most cigarette-smokers or



"I've just got engaged to a gentleman in a blue suit!"

beer-drinkers: if the money didn't go on one thing, it would go on something else. They may be rotten economists, but then most people are. What unstabilizes them, time and again, is the sensual pleasure that makes them forget, for the moment, that serious gambling is a business: after a good night at the Harringay dogs a punter emerges with £50 capital and his head full of schemes for the next day's horses at Cheltenham, only to be greeted by a crown-and-anchor school that bleeds him of his £50 plus the emergency fiver folded small at the back of his wallet. Such happenings may sharpen his gambler's asceticism, make him give up drink for a week, deprive his wife of a pound or two housekeeping, and go in for more overtime; but the effects are usually marginal. What is likely to cause more trouble at home is his chronic meanness with winnings: the big win may tempt him into a spending splurge, but a steady profit, because he treats it as unspendable, is merely something that goads the family.

Gamblers shouldn't, but often do, forget the incidental costs. Bingo-playing housewives, hurrying off to the hollowed-out cinema for, sometimes, seven nights a week of frenetic attention to the chant of "Bed and Breakfast, two and six, Downing Street, Number Ten," will say it costs them a pound or thirty shillings a week, but omit to mention that there may be bus fares for a ten-mile journey on most nights, with a journey of up to fifty miles on the evening there isn't a nearer session. The City man at one of London's Pall Mall

or Piccadilly clubs, drifting from lunch into the sitting room, where someone produces a backgammon board and suggests a shilling a point, then into the tape room to watch the results coming over the ticker and have a little game of Irish poker, is engaged in one or more kinds of gambling at, perhaps, the expense of a more profitable variety back in his office. Who is clever enough, and strong-willed enough to calculate the relative advantages? And who but an eager moralist could possibly say whether gambling money was better spent on jam or cigarettes or holidays abroad? Pools provide total affluence for a few; horses, chemmy and backgammon provide occasional total ruin for those who are still gentlemen enough to pay up; between the limits, people adjust their lifelong economies to find the weekly shillings or pounds they need for gambling, and get by because it suits them.



Next week:
LORD KINROSS
on Gambling
with the Rich

One of Those Things

THIS morning I am feeling very frail,
I am late, I know, and I apologize.
My hands are trembling, my cheeks are pale,
there is a dotted mist before my eyes.
A cup of coffee, maybe, a bit of toast,
but nothing more.
No, there was nothing nasty in the post,
and do please shut the door!

The fact is, when I'd lumbered out of bed,
I twiddled on the wireless just by chance,
and like a fool I completely lost my head
and started to dance.
You heard the thumps? Yes, that was me jumping,
leaping my way to the very doors of death.
Oh, the dizziness and the heart's wild pumping,
and the roar of the spent breath!

The whole thing is incomprehensible,
and, I agree, Freud should be told;
for I am, as a rule, so sensible,
and, as you hasten to point out, old.
The fact remains (although it remains a mystery),
this morning my feet had wings,
and you must mark it down in our family history
as just one of those things. — VIRGINIA GRAHAM



"You're not to call your mother 'stupid.' Unless you can prove it, that is."



"Operator, this is Biddlegreen 01723 saying goodbye and thank you!"

The Stock-Keepers

By R. SQUIRE

Why do businessmen farmers in the Home Counties boast of their losses?

ANY young man in danger of getting on at his job should take an occasional ride in a first-class compartment and eavesdrop on some commuting business men. He will be shocked to find how many of the successful ones are being ruined.

There are certain ways of being ruined, as by drink or by women, whose charm is obvious; but your true commuter admits to being in peril not from the more pleasurable vices but from his animals. There is a railway line that runs from London through the suburbs to Dorking, across the Weald and by way of the South Downs into Hampshire and ends on the Solent; it carries fast trains with comfortable bars where the eavesdropper can hear businessmen discussing their ruin. He will notice that those who join at Dorking tend to be ruined by chickens. It seems that

they own chickens who guzzle rare foods and sip expensively piped water while master works his London treadmill. He is trying hard to earn enough to keep them, but he is always slipping back.

The men who join the train further out, say at Chichester, are even worse off, for their animals are bigger. If your Surrey men had chickens, Sussex chaps keep pigs. Pigs not only eat more food than chickens, they need bigger and more costly buildings; and worse, they need attention. True, chickens need attention, but not much and the owner's wife can do it, whereas even a corporal's guard of pigs demands an hour's heavy manual work a day to keep them in trim for eating, drinking and idling about. Someone has to be paid to come and do it. Right away there is a new element in the costing—labour.

Your pig man in the Sussex sector of the line is thus ruined much more savagely than the chicken people back in Surrey.

And there is worse to come, for in Hampshire the line reaches Cow Territory where the London businessmen finance the Arcadian lives of elegant Guernseys. A small herd of fifteen milkers need roughly seven hours' work a day to tend them, so now we must find at least one full-time employee and a cottage.

At the end of the line we come to the homes of the Horse people. They live farthest from their work and keep the most ruinous animal of all.

It will be seen that those being ruined can be grouped into three zones around London. The Chicken Belt is nearest and its occupants lose least because their incomes are the smallest;

then come the Pig People, middling in all things; and lastly the Cowmen, merging indistinctly with the Horse Folk. This last group suffer phenomenal losses, but their incomes are correspondingly high.

A typical budget, overheard on the train, goes like this. It came from a Pig fellow; budgets for Chickens, or for Cows and Horses would be different only in scale.

His salary is £2,400. His outgoings are as follows:

Loss on pigs	£2,000
Season ticket	£200
Upkeep of home	£200
Upkeep of wife	£200
			<hr/>
			£2,600

He spends £200 more than he earns. The deficit has to be made up from an overdraft, from savings or from money he inherits. But the time may come when he simply cannot meet his losses any more and he faces this question:

where shall he save £200 a year? He cannot give up his £200 season ticket, so he must choose between the other two items on his budget, the upkeep of his home and the upkeep of his wife.

Pig, Cow and Horse people usually let their wives go, but your Chicken man is in rather a different position. He employs no labour because his poultry, not being so demanding as the bigger animals, can be looked after by his wife. So he reasons that he cannot part with her; in many ways he is the shrewdest of the three, with a touch of the peasant about him. He gives up his home and either moves in with the chickens or buys a caravan.

There is another school of thought on this problem whose solution is to keep more animals. Suppose a Cow owner with fifteen milkers loses £2,500 a year on his herd and thus overspends his salary by £600. When he tells his friends in the bar of the train about this—and he will tell them—somebody is sure to say that he need give up neither wife nor home. What he should do is double the herd. The amateur agronomist then proves on the back of a buffet car menu that fifteen cows lose £2,500 because they are uneconomic, but thirty cows would lose £600 less owing to the higher discounts on purchases and the labour-saving equipment the owner could install once he had the numbers to merit it. Then of course his salary would cover his outgoings. He could keep his wife and home and he would be laughing, or he ought to be, so the argument goes.

The one suggestion you never hear made is to give up the animals altogether, even though that would hand him back most of his salary on a plate. The trouble is that he would lose his status.

A lot of nonsense is talked about status symbols. There are housewives who pretend to like their coffee black without sugar because the women's page of a daily paper says it is the U thing to do and there are grown men who wear hand-sewn lapels like boys with a sheriff's badge. Advertisers insolently tell us we look cheap if we don't drink their wine or pay with their cheques. And none of these symbols count, for they can all be bought too cheaply.

The real test of status is the kind of animals a man keeps, for animals mean losses and this in turn proves success.



"Ah well—that's show business!"



Sportsmen of the World, Unite!

By B. A. YOUNG

Now that the Soccer players have shown the way, why shouldn't all the professionals get a square deal?

DON PITCH and Manny Rococo, who were to play an exhibition hard-court match against Gil DeRetz and Francis Corkery at Wembley last night, walked off the court in a lightning strike a minute before play was due to begin. After a meeting in the dressing-rooms, they were joined by DeRetz and Corkery.

Pitch, addressing an open-air meeting outside the stadium, said "I intend to see that the claims of professional tennis-players are not overlooked. Sportsmen are as much entitled to their differentials as railwaymen. When professional footballers were earning fifteen pounds a week maximum we were satisfied to accept a rate of ten thousand a year. But now there's Johnny Haynes, to name only one, getting this four thousand a year, and the best of British luck to him, besides what they give him for putting that stuff on his hair. If we are to maintain our status in the sports world, we professional tennis-players can't allow the difference between us and the football-players to diminish like that."

On a show of rackets, all four players decided not to appear. It was explained to the spectators that the "play cannot be guaranteed" clause might be interpreted with regard to labour relations as well as weather, but there were ugly scenes at the box-office just the same.

NOTE.—Last week Rutlandshire walked off the field at the beginning of their match against Yorkshire, claiming that the footballers' rise should be reflected in a rise for professional cricketers. After talks with the management they agreed to continue playing on condition that there was no victimization and that they should bat first. Yorkshire, playing four amateurs, beat them by an innings and eight hundred runs.

Thames watermen competing in the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge staged a "go-slow" yesterday in protest against the Government's decision to establish a nuclear submarine base in the Pool of London. The race was won by Charley Kerridge, whose time over the course from London Bridge to Chelsea was eight hours forty-seven minutes.

"I was unfortunately caught by a strong tide," Charley said afterwards, "which carried me over the finishing line rather quicker than I expected."

It is understood that no action is to be taken against him by the Watermen's Union.

Tottenham Wenspurs announced ten minutes before the kick-off in their European Cup game against Andorra that they would play to rule. The players



are in dispute with the management over alleged dilution of the profession by amateurs. (There were two amateurs, left-half Tom Hartman of Oxford and right-wing Ivor Compton-Burnett of Cambridge, in the team to play Andorra.)

"If men are willing to work for nothing," centre-forward Jimmy Quill, general secretary of the players' union, said, "it jeopardises all negotiations with the management over remuneration; and besides that it is derogatory to our standing to play with unorganized players. I admit there are only two amateurs in the side at the moment, and they are jolly good lads too, but what I say is, where is it going to lead?"

The game started twenty minutes late after talks had taken place with the management. Andorra, who ignored the rules when it suited them, in the ordinary way, won 23-0.

All-in wrestlers at the Lime Grove Baths are to send heavyweight Horrible Jim Gehenna to Coventry for ignoring their ruling against appearing in the ring with foreign wrestlers. Horrible Jim defeated Chief Chemosit of Africa by one fall and one submission in the super-heavyweight contest last night.

"Our decision was made plain to all our members," said shop-steward the Balham Strangler, "that no more fights were to be undertaken against foreign wrestlers. In the present very dodgy state of the wrestling industry we cannot afford to let the market become flooded with cut-throat competition from abroad. Jim knew of our decision and he chose to ignore it, so now we are going to ignore him."

Jim Gehenna, who was still suffering from the effects of a series of forearm smashes and a flying dropkick in the last round of his fight, was understood to say that he **thought** the union's decision was **not cricket**. Probably he meant football.

Missile Marriage

By ROY MACGREGOR-HASTIE

IT seems somehow fitting that with rockets being aimed at Venus the Soviet Union should turn its thoughts to love and marriage. More to the latter than to the former. Party bureaucrats are not really interested in *why* people marry. They assume that housing pressure, blood pressure, spring, the Plan, the desire to create a unit cell and sheer thoughtlessness all play their part. What interests the aparatchik at the moment is *where* people marry. According to the *Moscow Evening News* there is a disturbing tendency for Soviet brides to insist on white weddings. White weddings mean the church around the corner and not the Wedding Palace. There is a whisper of religious revival after all, though the *Moscow Evening News* blames this appetite for white on the rash importation of Western films and the example of such well-known brides as Miss Sophia Loren, Miss Gina Lollobrigida and Miss Marilyn Monroe.

The *Moscow Evening News* is con-

sequently enthusiastic about the Party's new tactic. The Moscow City Party, still as bursting with new ideas as it ever was in the days of Khrushchev's chairmanship, has opened a Brides' Shop on Prospect Mira (the Prospect of Peace). The Brides' Shop is full of veils and frothy lace. The windows entice. But when two lovers go to ZAGS, the Registrar of Marriages, to get a licence, they are told that the Brides' Shop is only open to those rightminded couples who promise to marry under the huge Technicolor print of Lenin at the Wedding Palace. Church wedding outfits, alas, must be made at home. To make the point even sharper, the licence-seeking lovers are offered a voucher for use at the Brides' Shop, a Hire-Purchase Authorization (for endorsement by their employers) and a wedding present, on the State, if they forget the idea of a white wedding in church and choose as white a wedding at the Palace. Moreover half-decided couples are whisked off in a free taxi to the shop and shown the inducements. This is usually sufficient for them to step on to the broad highway.

At the doorway to the shop the now decided couple are greeted by a magnificent old woman (rumoured to be a Grand Duchess) and a splendidly-dressed old man, swishing his tails.

The rumoured Grand Duchess takes the girl off to show her the range of wedding dresses. There is a fair selection, a friend of mine in Moscow tells me. Ready-made dresses, complete with veil, cost from 500 roubles (cotton, with spasmodic openwork) to 1000 (best quality nylon with insets). For 2000 roubles, more than twice the average couple's monthly wage, the bride can have something run up from a poached Paris pattern in a Czech or Polish magazine.

Shoes, stockings, seductive slips and nightdresses are all handy. A night and day ensemble can be chosen with the speed of the new Z25 tractor harvesting an acre of beetroot. Wearables are all available on credit.

When the credit shopping is done the bride-to-be is taken to the "Flower



"I think the rise you just gave him came as rather a surprise."

Trove." Flowers are often a problem in Moscow. When I was there I often had to make do with an expensive china pot full of shrublets. There are no such restrictions on supply at the Brides' Shop. Fresh flowers are flown in specially every morning from the Crimea and sold at "special prices."

The nuptial business done, the bride-to-be is taken downstairs where she is shown a range of pots, pans, sheets and art reproductions. Prices here are lower than in the West, even if the design is hideously functional.

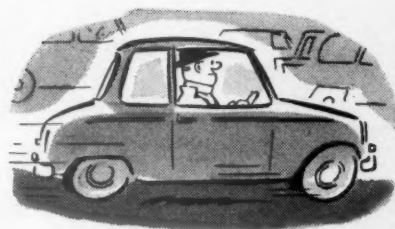
Meanwhile the bridegroom-to-be will have been given a going over by the splendidly dressed old man. The old man's job is to "see to all the arrangements." He first offers the young man a selection of "correct dress." This year "correct dress" consists of a dark suit, white shirt and silver-grey tie. The cheapest suit costs about 1500 roubles, though shrewd young men make do with the usual Sunday best (500 roubles) made of rehabilitated sackcloth and spivved up at home.

One thing the bridegroom-to-be cannot avoid buying is the ring and some furniture. Both can be bought on credit and the repayments stopped out

of his pay. Rings vary in price from the "Bolshevik pledge ring" at 150 roubles in something almost gold, to decadent twirls in platinum and white gold at 800.

The whole performance takes about an hour. Then the component parts of the couple meet at the point on the assembly line where the "joint choicing" takes place. Some romantic soul has decided that both the perfume and the honeymoon hotel should be chosen together. There is a good selection of perfumes and toilet waters at the Brides' Shop. The standard Soviet scent, unsaleable anywhere else in the world and smelling like an overheated barber's shop, is not on show. There is a new range, with new names: artistic names like "Stone Flower" (ballet) and "Golden Cascade" (opera-ballet); simple evocative names like "Evening" and "Happiness"; subtle propaganda like "Dove" and "Kremlin." The honeymoon is invariably spent on the Black Sea coast.

The *Moscow Evening News*, reviewing all this, is confident that the Wedding Palace will boom in 1961. No comment is available from the Orthodox Patriarch but the Church has stood up to fierce competition before.



Marginal Note

*We are due for a more enthusiastic approach to work on the part of the young,
says a sociologist.*

THE grave and kindly Pendlebury (C.)
Evolved a fine "Arithmetic for Schools,"
In which a pair of schizoids, A and B,
Flout Union rules.

Pumping like mad, or digging wells and drains,
These types exist for work—yet in such lives
Something seems lacking. Who (say) entertains
Their moping wives?

In Pendlebury's time the young would blench
To think of either hero, staunch and true,
Mocked, baffled, and—let's put it into French—
Un peu cocu.

Well, well. A far more sporting age will find
That (a) their hobby kept them fresh and fit,
And as for (b), if Penders doesn't mind,
They asked for it.

— D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS



"Didn't he kiss you either?"

Something Novel in the State of Denmark

By E. S. TURNER

ON the way back from Elsinore the driver, with the air of one about to spring a beautiful surprise, turned off down a nondescript road in the suburbs of Copenhagen. He halted the car outside the garden gate of a house which might have belonged to a successful feather exporter.

"Look," he said. "An open-air fire-place."

We looked. It was not an incinerator or a barbecue range (which is possibly the same thing) but an ordinary fire-place set against the wall of the house, facing the front garden.

"What's it for?" we asked.

"It is to warm the garden."

He was a waggish fellow and we did not know whether to believe him or even to believe what we had seen. Probably this was why he turned off down another suburban road and showed us another house with an outdoor fire-place.

Even so it is not the sort of thing one is prepared to believe without obtaining confirmation at a high official level. The Press and Cultural Attaché at the Royal Danish Embassy in London has been good enough to assure me that the open-air fire-places I saw do in fact exist. It seems that, like the British, the Danes believe their summers to be warm and are prepared to suffer for this

belief by sitting out in the garden in the evenings. "To bolster up the morale and also for an occasional warming of fingers stiffened by the cold, some kind hearted architects have introduced the open-air fire-place," explains the Attaché. Usually it shares an existing flue and is cheap to install.

Well, there it is. The nation which abolished the open fire-place indoors, in its more prosperous homes, some five hundred years ago is evidently anxious to show that it has nothing against open fires in their right place, which is out of doors. Some day, perhaps, tours of the night life of Copenhagen will include a brisk whisk around the suburbs, red

and flickering as with Beltane fires. By then the centre of the city may have installed street-heating, as in Brussels.

So far the trend towards outdoor fire-places appears to be confined to Denmark (which is also the only country, I imagine, where the airport ground staff use children's scooters to cover the intolerable distances to and from the aircraft). Cynics will say that if it took the Danes five hundred years to think of this idea after abolishing open fires indoors we are not likely to follow suit until AD 2500 but this is surely a pessimistic view. The outdoor fire-place, I am ready to wager, will soon be upon us as a status symbol. Any moment now Mrs. 1970 will be posing by the bird bath in her nightie, boasting that her garden is warm all over. It is time she went to work for Mr. Robens, anyway. Do not be surprised if the miners' leaders, after reading these lines, demand the compulsory installation of outdoor fire-places in all new homes, in both front and back gardens.

But it is the social, or sociable, aspect which chiefly interests me. Is not the outdoor fire-place the thing for which every British gardener has secretly craved? The reason why men are for ever lighting bonfires is not to get rid of rubbish but to take the initial chill off the garden. It is an unsatisfactory method, for bonfire smoke blows in all directions at once, and the result is that neighbours slam their windows in a marked manner and testy wives rush out to gather brassières off the line. All this unpleasantness could be avoided if the garden fire were lit in a grate (with a gas poker, of course) and the smoke led up the chimney in a civilized, or Danish, manner.

It makes a pleasing picture: the deck-chairs drawn up to the cosy blaze at dusk of day, with the grateful women-folk warming their gnarled, work-worn hands; the cat toasting its stern even as it prepares to pounce on an insolent fledgling; the householder, standing with his back to the fire, lazily wafting away moths and bats, sniffing the tang of newly strewn manure, going through his pockets and feeding the fire with bills and invoices, helping himself to the decanter on the mantelshelf behind him, lifting his glass to his next-door neighbour who is doing much the same sort of thing, except that he has his television out on the lawn. If this is

not genuine gracious living, what is it?

In the more competitive suburbs, families will prolong the sitting-out season as long as possible, huddling round the hire-purchased coals and hoisting garden umbrellas against light rain or sleet. The hardier mortals, presumably, will parade their Christmas cards on the outdoor mantelshelf. And what a blessing a cheery fire will be to carol singers, to say nothing of postmen, dues gatherers, private detectives, municipal candidates and Jehovah's Witnesses. The housewife who hesitates to invite a salesman inside will be able to compromise by inviting a demonstration beside the outdoor fire. The risk is that she will be tempted to do all her gossiping there.

I do not think the Danes have yet

got round to the problem of finding suitable ornaments to put in the outdoor fire-place when it is not in use, but a nation which can build tall spires out of gold crowns balanced on ball-races should be able to evolve something suitably whimsical in due course.

There is no good reason why we should stop at open-air fire-places in our gardens. The cargo ship in which I returned from Copenhagen, the *MV Aaro*, of 2,468 tons, has a fire-place with a mock log-fire in the passengers' lounge. I hesitate to criticize this singularly well-found vessel, but there were times on the North Sea when one would have been very glad of an open fire in a sheltered corner of the boat deck; and I don't mean an imitation log-fire, either.



The Cab War-7

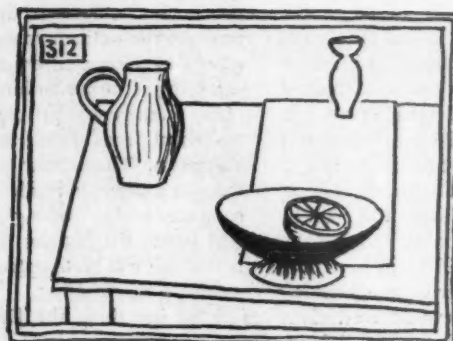


"Anything we can do to help."

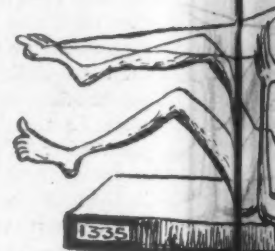
SPROD at the Academy



"Agreed then! — Queen's portrait, Winston Churchill, Annigoni, lunch."



"I'm afraid there isn't much—actually my husband and I are vegetarians."



"Then I tried putting up a string for meat."



"They called it 'Fruit-cup.'"

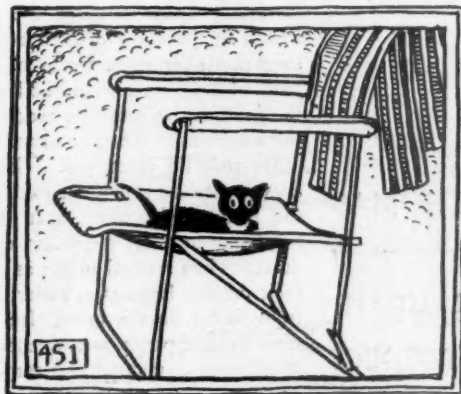


"Sunday Telegraph fills the gap."

ad my



ried up this wretched
g for met peas."



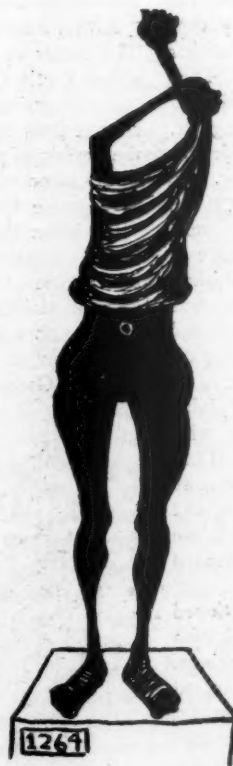
"Wouldn't you look distraught, with
a name like 'Little-Little'?"



"A fine kid. What say we name him
after one of my racing pigeons?"



"Nonsense; a contemporary harp
wouldn't go with the standard lamp."



"All right, let's see if your new stuff
gets this any whiter."

"Once you make 'em an RA they go
all conventional."





GWYN THOMAS

Growing up in Meadow Prospect

5 Lapsed Policy

THE central point of our indoctrination, as lads, was the draughts and chess room of the Institute. In this room gathered some of the most desperate theorists that ever dyed a concept black. Their disbelief had developed a fine, apocalyptic swing and they had us sold on the idea that man's athletic and cumulative idiocies would soon land the species in a punitive and paralysing stroke. If they ever played chess or draughts their games never ended for neither side gave credence to the victors or defeat of the other. They existed in a sinister, doomed vacuity, and they could fill it at bewilderingly short notice with the craziest guffaws of laughter. We took up a total negation with the same fascinated delight that other children of our age gave to soccer or scouting. We learned when looking up at the stars at night to smile at the idea of a conscious design. If anyone said "God bless you" we sneezed. We had our staves up in perpetual defence to reject any advance by St. Paul, Paley's Watch, Archbishop Wilberforce and Luther Reynolds, a local voter, who was hearing the gaiety of Sodom so loudly on the wind around Meadow Prospect he spent every other week-end queuing on Penarth pier for a place on or in the new whale.

Our group became a hub of infection inside the Sunday School. The superintendent and his aides fanned us with missionary posters when we came in to clear the air. They reckoned that we were able to take the gloss off three rows of pews with a few loaded precepts from Schopenhauer and Thomas Huxley, and regretted the passing of the simple age when the utterance of any impiety would have brought a rattle of penal bolts on the roof of the mocker.

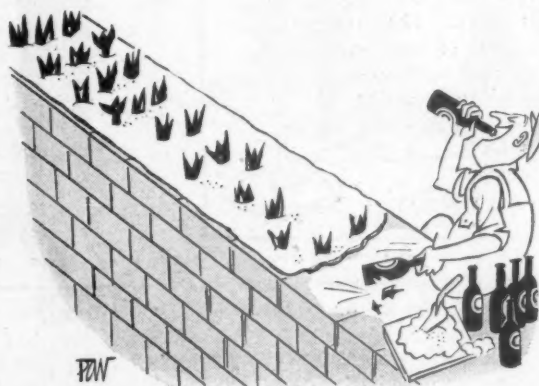
The corner of the vestry in which our class functioned began to take on for the superintendent the alien look of a mosque or bordello. We swiftly wore out a belt of teachers. One of them got himself transferred from the theoretical front to the simple job of making cocoa in a large urn for Band of Hope socials. Another was demoted to take charge of a class of five-year-olds who, while touched with the prevailing cynicism, expressed it unclearly and without offensive force.

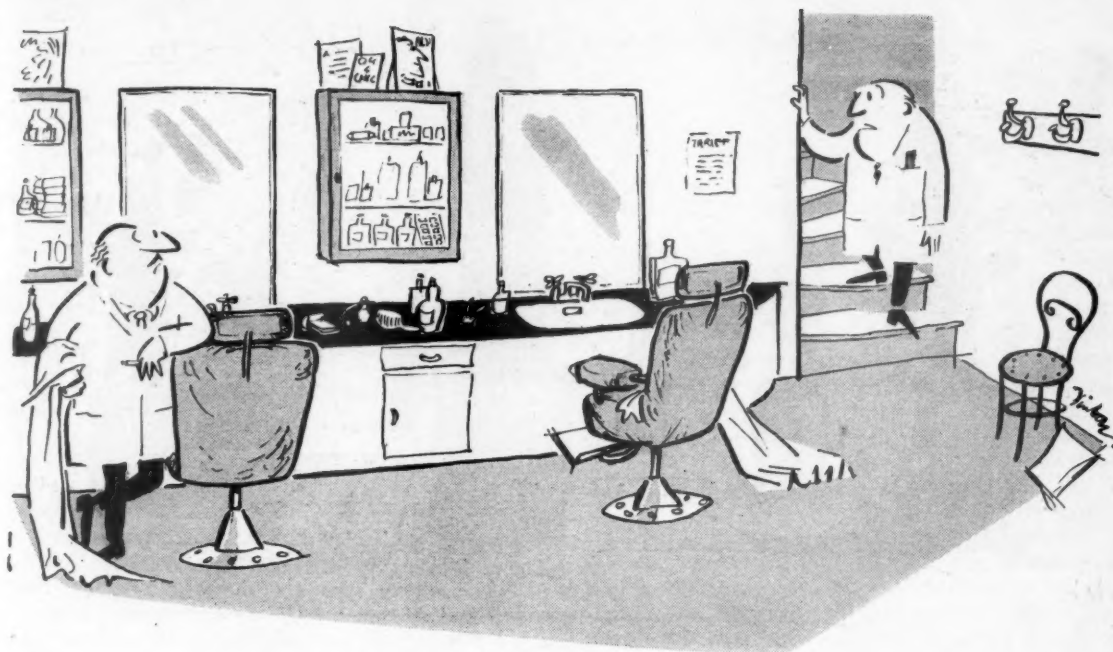
So the superintendent called in Arthur Moyle. Arthur was the chapel's theological trouble shooter, the firmest brush ever to be thrust up the ideological flues of the pagan. He was a bright-eyed, fast-talking young man of about twenty-six, an ex-student of a very thorough Bible school and incredibly quick in citing the scriptures, more fluent than Micah in the litany of damnation. The superintendent was sure that after three weeks of beating with the evangelical holly of Arthur we would be back in the mission-tent saying the good, strong word for redemption and grace and carrying burning links to the more materialistic shelves of the Institute.

We rode the gales well. When Arthur took over our class he was already past his apostolic best. Arthur had entered the insurance business at a time when the people were beginning to adopt a careless, even flippant, attitude towards death. They seemed to get as much enjoyment from seeing their policies lapse as in rosier days they would have derived from seeing flowers grow. He sold a lot of policies of the more modest penny or twopence a week sort. He had a way of invoking a portrait of doom poking its hand around the corner that had most of the suggestible voters signing up for full coverage. And many of Arthur's policies had a way of becoming payable just a few weeks after he had wheedled the first instalment out of the client. The company sent special investigators down to see if Arthur might be staging some monstrous swindle in conspiracy with his more demoralized clients, and on the Sunday following this visit Arthur waited in silence for at least a minute before telling us that profanity and lust were the things we had most carefully to look out for.

Arthur's career as a lover did not run much more smoothly. The father of the girl he was courting, an alert paranoid called Bartie Greenwell, kept bending over Arthur's affair and whispering warnings. Greenwell had read a number of ancient texts which denounced the double-life of monks and the perfidy of priests. He had Arthur tabbed as a monk and would stand outside the parlour in which Arthur was trying to organize his wooing, clearly speaking such axioms as: "The holier they seem the harder they strike."

The brother of Arthur's sweetheart was an uncouth jocose type of man who was not above thrusting his head into the parlour roaring on Arthur to drop his mask and get cracking on a programme of rampant, pre-marital license. A catalyst in the whole affair was the loss of Greenwell's rabbits. Greenwell was a substantial rabbit-keeper and the





"I thought business was slack—the world's come to an end up there!"

tenants of about twenty hutches had been wiped out as softly as a sigh in the baying saga of a cattle-plague which had denuded our hills of livestock. He would often join the uncouth voter at the door of the parlour and say: "It's the rabbits I'm on about, Moyle. Where was the justice of that? What harm had they ever done, Moyle?" This type of question, coming on top of the tensions that are bound to build up in an evangelist in love, tore lumps out of Arthur's fabric.

Sunday after Sunday we saw him fall apart. Two events supplied the final bombardment. The hard core of his insurance customers, after years of devotion to one of the bleaker branches of non conformity in which preacher and congregation spent long periods just staring at each other, moved on to some special mound of despair and decided to stay there. They opted clearly out of the conventional contracts of hope and amenity. They refused to use the municipal park and denounced even funerals as a superfluous frill. This meant that the kind of tidy, death-ridden thrift of which Arthur was the agent was out. They didn't go all the way with the Mennonites but they were up, close. They marched together to Arthur's house and one after the other, speaking no word but "No," threw their insurance policies on to the tiny lawn that stood in front of Arthur's house. He came out saying "Yes, yes," but the tide of negation was in spate and he stood no chance. He gathered up the policies as if they were the leaves of some last terrible autumn and he wired head office to switch to something else.

At the same time his love affair had taken a grave jolt. One evening he had been in the Greenwell parlour with his

sweetheart. The room was warm, Miss Greenwell complaisant and Arthur distracted and ready to shed virtue like a chafing slough. The tide of his desire had risen and touched the icy surface of his inhibitions. The air was full of hissing problems. Given peace Arthur might have fed himself to a devouring sensuality and an unstirring contentment. But at that moment Greenwell, who was feeding pennies into a gas meter just outside the parlour door, was reminded of the spectacle of Arthur's clients siding with death and gibing at the insurance company. Greenwell began to laugh and to tap out the rhythm of his joy on the meter, a cynical sound. When he heard it Arthur was in great distress. All the facets of his dilemma were around him like scythes. He started banging with his fists on the parlour's uncarpeted floor. Greenwell listened. Arthur added loud groans, groans of genuine perplexity, to the work he was doing with his fists. Greenwell was worried. He imagined that Arthur might now be working to some drastic programme of victory by seizure. He thought also of the dry rot that was given away free with every plank sold in Meadow Prospect and he was afraid that with a few more bangs Arthur might be slipping south to the sub-soil. So he broke into the parlour, lifted Arthur to his feet and bundled him out of the house. Arthur landed on the pavement in a state that set a new sweat and turmoil record in that part of the town.

The following Sunday he walked into the Sunday School. He was late. All the classes except ours had already begun. Arthur was slow in his movements, his face was ashen as if all the world's wisdom had burned out to some grey and terrible end inside his skull. Several of the teachers either



started to smile or to hum one of our Christian marching songs to counteract the effect of apocalypse that Arthur had brought in with him. The superintendent nipped over from the advanced class and told Arthur to buck up, back out or go into the sub-vestry and brew himself a beaker of restoring cocoa.

Arthur took his seat among us. We leaned forward expectantly. We sensed all that had happened. We feasted upon his defeat. Our smiles were mordant cannibals moving in among his last frail defences. He stared at us all in turn. His huge, annotated Bible stayed unopened on the bench at his side. His lips had tightened into a shape that looked like the seal of a final compact with silence. His whole interior was whitening with the rising flags of surrender. His gravity began to disturb, then to chill us. I picked up the Bible, opened it at the page of Genesis on which we had last been doing some simple bits of exegesis. He pushed it away. He began to speak and his lips had to move several times around the words before they worked up the sound to send them out to us.

"You think it's easy, don't you?" he said.

"What's easy, Mr. Moyle?"

"To teach, to believe?"

"Oh no. It's hard, Mr. Moyle. You teach us now, Mr. Moyle. We are where Moses killed the Egyptian, the foreman."

He shook his head.

"No," he said. "Moses can stay where he is, his hand still raised in the simple act of killing, still not knowing that he will pay for it with a forty-year walk to nowhere. And I'm going to stay here and you are going to teach me. You are going to tell me what *you* know, for a change."

He pointed at me.

"We'll start with you. You start to teach and you'll feel the bits coming unstuck."

We started. We laid before him the modest bundles of disbelief we had picked up at the Institute. We conveyed to him the essence of what our good, faithful ears had gleaned from the sages at the Institute: the elements of doubt in the story of the creation, parthenogenesis, in the tales of Jonah, the men in the furnace. We painted the vision of the universe as a pyrotechnic farce soon to blacken to its end in a mindless void.

When we stopped Arthur shuddered as if some last door had been burst open to admit some climactic wind. He stood up.

"You're right, you know," he said and went out.

He left Meadow Prospect three days later for the Abercrave area where he did well in his chosen business of insuring people. Only occasionally would the old earnestness fall upon him. Then he would pause in front of some nihilist or some sectary and he would just shake his head. And over the years he would approach the four of us in his Sunday School class who became teachers. He would look at us very penetratingly and just say "Well?" We never gave him an answer.

Next week: Reluctant Trouper

Biography

HE lived his life in a perpetual rage
And died with double poison on his tongue:
Angry, in youth, at the approach of age;
Angry, in age, that he was no more young.

— PAUL DEHN

Mr. Mafferty—For Sale

By A.P.H.

"THEY tell me," said Mr. Mafferty, "there's a sweet an' kindly way of departin' this life, without expense an' trouble. You make a noble will an' leave your body to the doctors, the way they can take it apart in their own place quietly, an' maybe discover a new disease, or a small duct or gland or two they'd not have noticed before. 'Tis a good plan surely. There's no call for your loved ones then to be choosin' coffins an' chrysanthemums an' tombstones an' flowerin' shrubs, an' buyin' or borrowin' them barbarous garments, an' waitin' in the wind an' rain to get their own deaths from pneumonia an' the like, or maybe set up the neuritises or worse. The doctors come an' take you, they tell me, an' there's no trouble or cost at all.

"But there's a better plan yet. Now the hospitals an' doctors is provided by the State, why couldn't the State pay money itself for the use of a man's own body, an' it in good condition or bad, for 'tis all one to the medical men? Why wouldn't they buy me fine body while I'm alive, with vacant possession at the latter end, the way you can purchase a mansion in the time to come, an' it not free till the lease is out? I wonder now would Mr. Misty put me up for auction? Or maybe a piece at a time—for they have their fads an' fancies, the doctors, the way you'll see one housewife huntin' a sirloin only an' the next one crazy for a steak. There must be money, surely, for a liver as has had the experience of mine—we might begin with that. An' if anyone holds back I'll do the talkin' meself.

"Lot 49!" says I. "'Tis the Liver of a Gentleman—an' a literary man, no less—with vacant possession on the demise of the proprietor. 'Tis here before you, an' anny doctor is free to take a prod an' pommel. 'Tis no ordinary liver we offer for sale this day. 'Tis a rare liver of Queen Victoria's reign. In 1890 it began work, more than seventy years ago. An' workin' pretty well to-day so far as the proprietor can tell, though God knows what the

medical men will find. Isn't it this same liver that, not a long while back, stood up to five weeks of Spanish cookin' without a mutter or a moan?

"Now what am I bid for this fine Liver? I'll start the biddin' at a hundred guineas. A hundred, thank you? Twenty? Fifty? Two hundred guineas? Two hundred guineas bid. Is there anny advance on two hundred guineas? Now that's the wonder of the world. 1890! 'Twas a vintage year! They don't breed livers the like of this one now. 'Tis no cloistered liver, avoidin' wine an' whisky an' fried sole an' curried prawns, hidin' away in some safe diet of lentils an' wholemeal wheat an' boiled fish an' orange-juice, an' soft contemptible drinks from North America, an' they disfigurin' the globe with pesterin' plaques an' posters. No, gentlemen, for three-score years an' ten it's faced its fences, an' all the

drinks an' dishes was sent to try the human body. Wasn't it fed on sand an' bully-beef an' flies at the Gallipoli Peninsula, an' mud an' bully-beef in France, an' spam an' rum an' synthetic this an' that in the last Great War, an' seagulls in Labrador, an' bungalow curries in Colombo would burn the mouth of a salamander itself. Two hundred an' fifty guineas? Thank you—an' whelks an' winkles on the shores of Brighton, an' snails in Soho, an' frogs' legs at the Savoy an' New York City, an' bouillabaisse at the Port of Marseilles, an' fish like leather pads at Barcelona an' the Balearics, an' sharks' fins an' sea-slugs, an' eels an' mussels an' mackerel, an' all the dirtiest eaters in the seas an' oceans, an' all the beasts of the field an' the birds of the air besides, not forgettin' them perilous birds of the farm, an' six an' eighty Christmas puddin's, an', God forgive



"... and how soon, doctor, can we have him on light chores?"



"I suppose you know that's the tea!"

me, if the chance arises, three great helpin's of hot boiled bacon, or maybe four. Four hundred guineas bid. An' never a thought, gentlemen', concernin' calories an' carbohydrates, an' the perils of the fryin'-pan an' animal fats, an' too much protein an' all! Wouldn't anny doctor in the world be wishful to take a private peep at a liver with a career the like of that?—Four hundred an' fifty? Thank you, Sir. An' that's not the whole tale, neither. For fifty years, or a little less, hasn't this same liver been irrigated with poisonous liquids, with intoxicatin' wines from France an' Germany, with corrosive claret an' burgundy an' hock, an' annythin' except champagne, an' worse than that, gentlemen, with the wicked spirits, with gin an' whisky, an' at banquets brandy, an' vodka an' slivovitz an' aqua vitae, an' they fit to burn a deep hole in anny coin of the realm with one drop only, let alone the sensitive organ is in the market now? Twenty-five years gone there was a lady by the name of Astor, an', said she, in the Parliament itself, this liver wouldn't last for long. It's not meself would be boastin' at all, for who knows what's the condition of the organ now, and maybe to-morrow 'twill refuse duty for good an' all. But if that's the way of it, isn't it a grand curiosity an' fever there'll be in anny serious body of

scientific men? Five hundred an' fifty guineas bid. I thank you. But indeed I wonder there's a hand not raised an' a mouth not movin' in this assembly now. Six hundred guineas? 'Tis not enough. You'd think there'd be a rush an' riot of medical men, each one itchin' to win the prize for his own fine hospital or college or academy. Eight hundred

bid?—Well, here it is, Lot 49. There's no deception. 'Tis not a glass liver—nor plastic neither. 'Tis reddish-brown in colour, an' weighs, by the rules, between three pounds and four—or maybe in the present case, a pound or two more. It has all the usual fittin's and appurtenances, with its grand lobes an' lobules, an' hepatic cells. An' God be praised, says I, that he made such a good contrivance for the likes of me, an' let it work so long! But, Glory be, anny ordinary man alive, or most of them, can say the same concernin' the great gland on his starboard-side. This, gentlemen, is no ordinary gland.

"Nine hundred guineas bid? Thank you, Sir. But it's not meself would let me own liver go for three figures only. Is there anny man here from the British Museum? No one? Well, that's a shame an' a wonder. I'll tell you why. You'll mind, gentlemen, what poor Queen Mary said to the point they'd find, when she was dead, the one word CALAIS was written on her heart. Well, gentlemen, when the lucky doctor, at the last of it, unveils Lot 49, he'll find there, written in red wine an' block capitals, the words 'TO HELL WITH THE TREASURY!' An' why would I tell you a lie? One thousand guineas bid? The Royal College of Surgeons, is it? I thank you, Mr. President. Goin'—GOIN'—GONE!"

Greyhound Diplomacy

ONCE, when we wanted to rescue an explorer,
Suppress a riot or raise some trivial siege,
We'd send a gunboat. The native princelings would hear
Her salvoes and turn yellowish-grey with fear.
It was good for prestige.

Times change, but still old buffers in clubs are saying
That the thing to do is simply repeat the pattern
With a vast and fast and expensive liner. They dream
Of letting off splendid salvoes of self-esteem
Over Manhattan.

But from what I know of those particular natives
They'll respond to our eighteen-million-pound attack
By turning their thoughts for a moment or two from Russia
And knocking up something larger, faster and lusher
And sending it back.

— PETER DICKINSON

Revival Needed

By R. G. G. PRICE

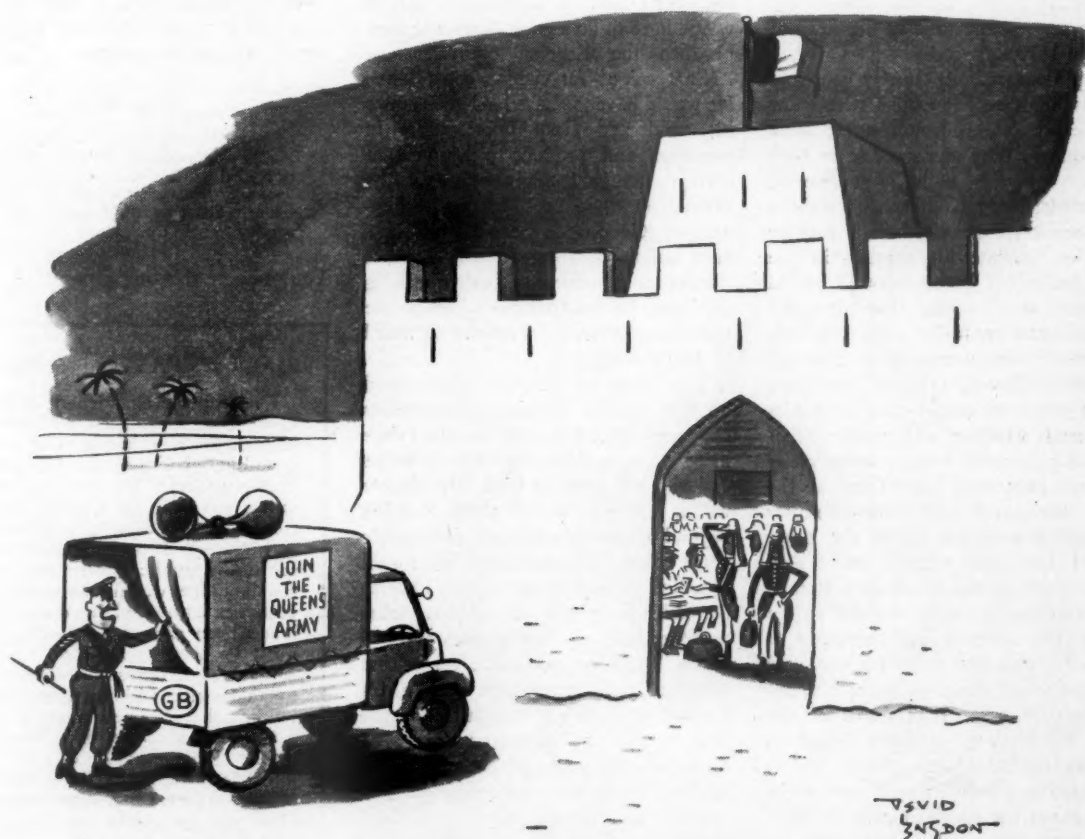
IF you want to start a correspondence in the papers, and with summer coming on any paper would be grateful for one, there is no more sure-fire topic than the decline of quality. It does not matter much what particular field you pitch your grouse in—bread, cricket “gates,” manufacture of car doors—there will be a wild pressure on space in the correspondence columns as soon as you announce you have detected a falling-off. One decline that particularly worries me is the impoverishment of the British skill in legend-making or rumour-manufacturing. What a bumper crop there was a generation ago! How bare the landscape is to-day! This is a dangerous

situation because, oddly enough, it is the credulous who are creative. Even if we cannot in the early 'sixties produce our own rumours, surely we can adapt some of the old ones and give them renewed life.

There was that one about a car which mysteriously stopped in a country lane. Military figures popped up from behind the hedge and apologized. The driver guessed, of course, what had happened. They were testing out a ray that paralysed the internal combustion engine. During the blitz I often used to wonder what had happened to this benign device. Why hadn't they stopped the engines of the bombers overhead? Probably, I would conclude,

it was due to some red tape about patents. To-day the story would have to be detached from anything as old-hat as cylinders and magnetos. When I tell it I shall begin “I was giving a fireworks party when I noticed that none of the rockets would leave their bottles. Then an embarrassed officer called to apologize. I can put two and two together . . . Very hush-hush . . . Makes us invulnerable . . . Ray that stops ballistic missiles ever leaving the launching-pad . . . Americans got it first.”

Then what has happened to the nuns? When invasion seemed imminent all sorts of people knew people who had seen a nun on a bus and noticed “she”



“Ready with those forms? Here they come.”



"Yes, Mr. Braithwaite, I think you should fit very well into our little organization here!"

was wearing army boots, or sometimes that "she" needed a shave. This slander on the German eye for detail was repeatedly attacked by the Ministry of Information; but it was believed in passionately. The rumour was going, by the way, at the time of the siege of Paris in 1870.

Why does nobody to-day see suspicious nuns, Russian nuns with snow on their boots, Mormon nuns, Mau Mau nuns? Why at moments of high drama, say the Odhams take-over, wasn't Mr. Hugh Cudlipp seen lurking in Long Acre disguised as a Mother Superior (despite his absence in the West Indies)? I have been told by old residents that during the war my present home was full of nuns. Can they have really been some kind of advanced tactical Reichswehr unit? It must have been a very small one. I have sometimes wondered whether the mild, lackadaisical poltergeist we get occasionally may not have been left behind by the nuns. Perhaps it was a case of rather amateurish exorcism. (On the other hand I have just learned that a map at the Council offices shows a Roman road entering my study by the corner where the thrillers are, crossing it diagonally and leaving by the bookcase with the bound *Punch* volumes. Perhaps the ghosts of legionaries drove out the nuns by singing improper songs in terribly late Latin.)

I wish somebody would revive the story about the specialist who is flown long distances and then faced with six patients, all looking exactly the same.

Hitler's and Stalin's doubles were always getting into folklore, hard-worked men who were ever ready for a bronchoscope or a barium meal, when they were not acting as decoys for assassins. Mr. Khrushchev's double would have to do a good deal more than produce the Russian equivalent of "Ninety-nine" for visiting consultants. He would have to shake his hands above his head and clasp interlocutors in bearhugs and produce pithy peasant sayings, though I suppose he could be briefed on these by ghost apophthegmatists. General de Gaulle would be a hard assignment for a double. Even in the improbable circumstances of looking like him, he would have to speak the most comprehensible French ever heard by British ears.

The place to launch a rejuvenated doubles story is Britain. Caricaturists have accustomed us to seeing the Prime Minister as hair, moustache, eyebrows and virtually nothing else. His double would have to worry about nothing beyond being ostentatiously unflappable when called "Macwonder." He would not, like Churchillian doubles, have to be able to make memorable jokes spontaneously or, like doubles of Lord Attlee, to be unstoppable on cricket statistics. Unfortunately it is a bit difficult to see what the doubles in the story would be discovered doing. I doubt whether many people hang hopes on Mr. Macmillan's becoming disease-ridden, apart from very, very close associates. Tales of specialists being flown in and then becoming suspicious

while syringing his ears would lack the proper psychological impact on their audience.

I am afraid that this does not make for a very dramatic legend, unless the VIP could denounce the double at London Airport, the fracas, of course, being hushed up. Nor is it particularly comforting; and how comforting most of those old legends were. After all the point of the nun's legend was that the nun was caught. The most optimistic of all rumours was that German tanks were made of cardboard. You hardly needed an anti-tank gun: a bayonet would do. Modern rumour-mongers can hardly claim this of Russian ballistic missiles; there is Jodrell Bank always anxious to show how sporting we are by providing proof of other countries' achievements. Probably people would simply assume that the material was a kind of very compressed cardboard that somehow became a plastic that was seventy-three times as strong as steel. How amiably simple and credulous we all were in those far-off days. Why we even believed that most atrocity stories were untrue.

☆

"Two works ambulance men crawled into this overturned car in Scotland Street, Tradeson, Glasgow, at lunch-time today to help the injured driver."
Glasgow Evening Citizen

You're doing this on purpose.

BLACK MARK . . . No 2

. . . for the chandeliers at the Law Courts, which are quite impressive in a heavy, Victorian way, but block the view from the public gallery. In some courts, unless you sit in the middle of the front row, you cannot see counsel or witnesses. It is even possible to sit in the public gallery and not see the judge, which will never do. Justice must not only be done but, it has been remarked *ad nauseam*, must be seen to be done. Is it anybody's job to test visibility, and for that matter audibility, from the public gallery? There ought to be a *Custos Publicorum*, or at least a Public Relations Officer, whose job it is to represent the interests of the citizens in the audience. One job he might take on is agitating for cushions.

Tovarich at The Test

By KENNETH GREGORY

After the May Day Parades the BBC reciprocates by relaying the Lord's Test match to Moscow

THE time is three in the afternoon, Mackay has yet to add to his one o'clock score and the England captain signals for drinks. E. W. Swanton, J. H. Fingleton, B. Johnston and P. West are interpreting the excitement to television viewers at home while the Russian commentator Y. K. Slobin initiates his countrymen into the mysteries of the game.

FINGLETON: I liked the way Mackay let that long-hop pass safely outside his off stump. Wouldn't you agree, Brian, that Australia are definitely getting on top?

JOHNSTON: Well, it's a bit early to say. Anything can happen in cricket as you well know.

FINGLETON: True. I remember in 'thirty-eight . . .

SLOBIN: English viewers are at present hearing the views of the Australian Fingleton. He is a member of his country's ruling class, his last book was introduced by Prime Minister R. Menzies, the reactionary oppressor of the Canberra Communist Party.

JOHNSTON: By Jove! that was a near thing. Mackay nearly hit that one. Let's ask Jim Swanton what he thought about it.

SWANTON: Pretty good ball. Moved a bit off the seam.

JOHNSTON: I should have thought more than a bit.

SWANTON: A good 'un. Incidentally I must tell Jack Fingleton that I've just seen in the pavilion an old friend of his, Sir Holtby Humby. Looks very fit.

FINGLETON: All Australians will be pleased to hear that. We remember Sir Holtby when he was Governor of Northern Territory.

SWANTON: Played for Harrow in 'ninety-eight.

SLOBIN: At one end of the ground there is a fortress called the pavilion. Only aristocrats are permitted to sit in it. The names of all English babies of the ruling class are written down as they are born in the pavilion book. Many of the people who sit there are princes; their leader is the Grand Duke Altham.

JOHNSTON: And Mackay has taken a quick single. Risky in the circumstances. Still, four and a half days left.

WEST: My word! Indeed! Yes!

FINGLETON: I think I can see a beard growing out of the press box. It must be.

SLOBIN: No member of the English Communist Party is allowed in the pavilion.

SWANTON: It's Alan Ross of the *Observer*.

FINGLETON: If Mackay doesn't soon get out we shan't be able to distinguish Alan from Father Time.

SLOBIN: Nowhere in England is the mastery of the English aristocracy so perpetuated as here at Lord's field. On top of a stadium there is the figure symbolic of the depressed classes. The Lords who owned this field once seized a serf called F. Time and compelled him to cut the grass with a scythe.

JOHNSTON: The Tavern seems to be doing a good trade.

FINGLETON: Probably the press-box emptying.

SLOBIN: In England the majority press is in favour of the cult of personality. Only this morning the *Express* openly encouraged cricket player Trueman with the words "Freddie! Slam! Wham! Whoosh!" The newspapers like *The Times*, *Guardian*, *Observer* and *Sunday Times* which are the organs of the ruling class all employ journalists carefully conditioned by the University at Oxford.

SWANTON: Our spinners are not fighting the ball as Laker did five years ago. I think Jack Fingleton would agree?

FINGLETON: Well, Jim, as one who was not unacquainted with the pre-war generation of England spinners . . .

SLOBIN: To enter this field one has to pass through the Grace Gates. It is noteworthy that when tribute had to be paid to the medical profession the



"It's unbrage—he's always taking unbrage, Mummy says."

English chose a man who did not work under their National Health Service. For daring to criticize this and other decisions of the ruling class cricket player J. Laker was recently purged.

SWANTON: Looking through my glasses I can see some very comely young ladies at the top of the open stands. We'll ask Peter West what he thinks. Peter?

WEST: My word! Indeed! Yes!

SLOBIN: The English bourgeoisie are not allowed to sit in the pavilion but use a covered stand. Their spokes-

men, the plutocrats Clore and Cotton, slobber as they think of taking-over the pavilion but the Whites will defend their privileges by calling in the Brigade of Guards.

FINGLETON: I prefer the ladies' stand at Sydney.

SLOBIN: Pictured now is the English proletariat herded together in a stand where there is no protection from the snow. They are dressed much as their forefathers were when the novelist C. Dickens visited Muggleton.

FINGLETON: There's one question I should like to ask Jim Swanton—has

he ever seen Colin Cowdrey wearing a Harlequin cap?

SLOBIN: Patrolling the nursery and preventing the proletariat from realizing their political aspirations are members of the Secret Police. Their uniform explains why they are called White Shirts. They are Fascist beasts, the dreaded Lord's PROs.

SWANTON: I've never seen Cowdrey wearing a Harlequin cap.

SLOBIN: English cricket players are either aristocrats or members of the proletariat. The aristocrats used to wear the so-called Harlequin caps but these enraged the masses and the aristocrats now wear them only in the House of Lords.

JOHNSTON: Trueman is taking the new ball. I'll ask Jack . . .

SLOBIN: The expression on the face of English bowler Trueman contrasts strongly with the happiness displayed by our glorious Soviet athletes. Trueman is a member of the proletariat, he is clearly outraged that he should be compelled to carry the cricketing bags of E. Dexter to and from Dexter's hotel. Dexter is a member of the ruling royal family.

FINGLETON: Interesting to see two short legs. Let's ask Jim . . .

SLOBIN: To play cricket at Lord's field a country must be a member of the Imperialistic Cricket Conference.

SWANTON: We haven't seen two short legs since half-past twelve.

SLOBIN: The men and women now debauching themselves is a sure indication that capitalism is working itself out in the Tavern.

JOHNSTON: Well, look who's here! John Arlott having a rest from the old steam radio. Enjoying Mackay, John?

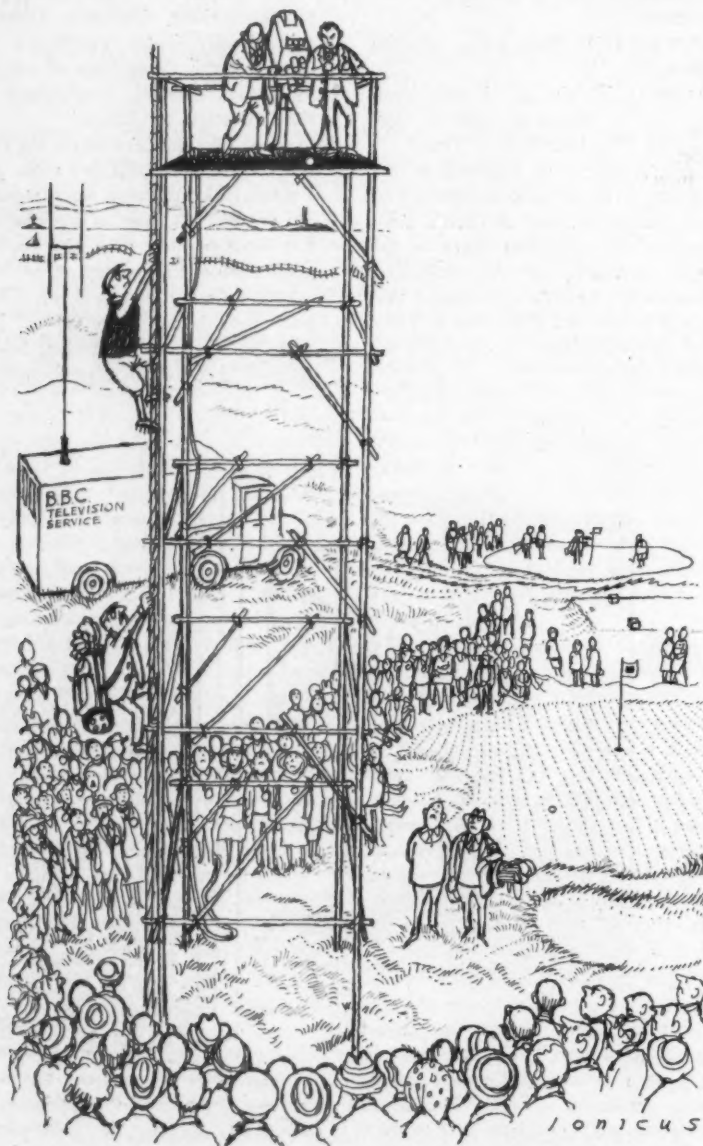
ARLOTT: An amiable man, Mackay, square-shouldered . . .

SLOBIN: English viewers are now hearing the voice of J. Arlott who speaks to those Wessex serfs too poor and exploited to own a television. Arlott was once a member of the State Police until he started writing bourgeois poetry.

SWANTON: That was mighty close to a catch at the wicket.

WEST: My word! Indeed! Yes!

SLOBIN: The first full description of a cricket match was written in 1706. That was exactly five years after Peter the Great introduced the game to England . . .



Essence of Parliament

THE Lords started off the week with corporal punishment and motoring offences. There can be no one now who is not bored stiff with the corporal punishment argument. Still it was a good debate and the Lord Chief Justice, as a "reluctant" beater, made about as persuasive a statement of his case as one could hope for. There are those among the advocates of corporal punishment—Lord Longford accused Lord Ailwyn of "appearing" to be one—who spoil their case by begging the question, assuming that they alone propose to do anything about delinquents, whereas the whole question is not whether there should be deterrents but whether corporal punishment is an effective deterrent. In the same way there are those among corporal punishment's opponents who too roundly accuse all who differ from them of sadism. The Lord Chief Justice was more effective by his diffidence and moderation. He would only cane second offenders and he did not claim that the cane would deter all such offenders but only that it might deter some, and, if so, so much the better. All was very persuasively and mildly put in the attractive style of a bewildered General Practitioner who does not know what is wrong with his patient but will try a new pill because it can't do much harm and might possibly do a little good; but what I have never understood is why, if corporal punishment is thought an effective deterrent, it is only thought effective for juveniles. If the object of the exercise is to create mild ridicule, it is hard to think of anyone more ridiculous than a middle-aged stockbroker getting six of the best, and, when on Tuesday their lordships confessed themselves at their wits' end what to do with motorists who had been convicted three times of dangerous driving, I could not help being reminded of a suggestion, made once I am told by Mr. Kingsley Martin, that if you are to have corporal punishment it would be at least as sensible to have it for drunken motorists as for violent robbers.

Monday in the Commons was Revolting ex-Parliamentary Secretaries' Day against the Cunarder Subsidy, and the first

The Unwanted Queen

prize for revolt by common consent went to Sir John Vaughan Morgan. When Sir John was on the Front Bench nobody accused him of being much of a sparkler, but the back bench seems to suit him and he fired off a series of cracks against the back of the head of Mr. Marples as if he were the young Disraeli trying to slay Sir Robert Peel. "The Russians launch a man into space and the British launch a white elephant on the ocean," he cried. "Among all the respectable matrons of the shipping industry the Cunard stands out as the one Scarlet Woman." Mr. Rodgers in supporting part-suggested that the new vessel should be called the Queen Anne, not the Queen Elizabeth—destined, as it was, to be born dead. Mr. Marples was not amused.

Apart from that the advertised programme of the Commons this week has not been very thrilling. Nobody was madly excited about being kept up till 4 a.m. on the army estimates on Wednesday morning by Mr. Emrys Hughes and his friends. It has happened too often before. Mr. John Dugdale's attempt to turn the South Africa standstill bill into an anti-South Africa Bill did not win much favour from Mr. Glenvil Hall on his own side, while on the Conservative benches, Mr. Paul Williams, turning the already recruited Three Musketeers of the Right into a Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, denounced as "nauseating" the way in which some Ministers spoke of South Africa in a "sneering, out-of-the-corner-of-the-mouth way."

The Second Reading of the Finance Bill is not usually a thrilling affair. Members have already said all that they have to say on the Budget, and on Thursday such attention

Mr. Brown and Mr. Blake

as they could spare from Bristol was devoted rather to the Prime Minister's statement on the Blake case. Before Mr. Macleod had answered questions on colonies with almost too much competence and confidence as if he were a man who had never heard of Salisbury. The Fells and the Feet, in unusual alliance, joined to demand that the Foreign Affairs debate should be next week instead of the week after. Each thought that the world was likely to come to an end before Whitsuntide, even if for entirely different reasons, and as final curtain-raiser we had a somewhat absurd performance by Mr. George Brown, who insisted on repeating an accusation which the Speaker had already caused to be withdrawn, that the Lord Chancellor had been "slippery" about the "chalk-pit" case. Mr. Brown has a rule that when other people shout he shouts back and there looked for a time as if there might be quite a row. But Mr. Brown is never shouted down except by himself. Mr. Brown is at his best when he is most quiet, but then he very rarely is quiet.



MR. WALTER PADLEY

It was Mr. Macmillan's statement that Members had come to hear. The Prime Minister made no pretence of being happy. We do not know exactly what it is that George Blake has told the Russians but there was no attempt to question the Lord Chief Justice's grave statement that it has undone the work of nine and a half years. It is perhaps all the graver because the secrets that he revealed were not apparently defence secrets—which the Russians would probably have known anyway. Mr. Macmillan was in a difficulty as Mr. Shinwell frankly pointed out. It was the official Opposition who asked him to make

a statement and the unofficial Opposition who objected to everything that he tried to say on the ground that it might prejudice Blake's appeal. The Prime Minister scored a little off both sets of his opponents by not attempting to score off them and frankly confessing that they both had valid points. The upshot for the moment was little more than that he and Mr. Gaitskell should get together, with perhaps a pal on each side to hold the towels, and see what they could make of things. It was disturbing and no one pretended that it wasn't.

The trouble about an incident is that it empties the House. Members can only take so much and then they must head for cafeteria or smoking room to chew it over. So there was not much of an audience to hear Mr. Selwyn Lloyd introduce the Finance Bill and Mr. Harold Wilson oppose it, and this was a pity, since both made good speeches, Mr. Wilson in particular concentrating on the danger of the extended power of the Treasury to raise and lower taxation without the immediate consent of Parliament.

— PERCY SOMERSET



Oversubscribed

THE recent burst of activity in the stock markets has nowhere been so explosive as in new issues. This is where the stag has come into his own.

This animal is the symbol of the speculative applicant for new shares—an applicant who has no intention of holding but is out to make a quick profit, if possible without putting up any money. He applies for more shares than he can conceivably afford to take up. With his application form (or forms—see later) there has to be a cheque for that part of the price which has to be paid straightaway. In many cases the cheque would bounce if presented. This can be done with a fair degree of impunity because if the subscriber is unsuccessful and no shares are allotted to him the cheque is normally returned without having been presented. If on the other hand he is fortunate and gets an allotment, the cheque can be met by an immediate sale of the shares.

The stag can also be a beaver for work. If an issue is likely to go well and if he believes that the small investors will get preferential treatment, he will fill in dozens of separate application forms in the name of his wife, children, dog, cat and fictional family characters. As a return for this very hard work he hopes to snatch a quick profit on the shares that may be allotted to him.

The stag's finest hour came recently with the issue of Penguin Books shares. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was the public relations man for this issue and did his work magnificently. There were 750,000 shares on offer at 12s. each, of which 60,000 had been reserved for members of the staff. The applications for the £450,000 worth of shares amounted to no less than £67 million, so that the issue was in fact oversubscribed 150 times. The choice of the successful applicants was made by a ballot and no one—outside the staff—received more than 200 shares. The shares rose to a premium of 6s. on the price of issue, so that even for the successful

applicant there was not much return on the hard labour involved.

In order to keep the stag at bay, the sponsors of W. D. Evans Golden Produce issue decided not only that multiple applications might be rejected but also that all cheques received would be duly presented and cleared. Other suggestions that have been made to deal with the abuses of staggering are that every cheque accompanying an application for shares should bear a banker's guarantee or, alternatively, that every issue should be made an auction, without a fixed price and the shares going to the highest bidders. But the best answer to the abuse of staggering is to try to ensure that shares are issued at the right price.

There have been many other recent examples of fabulous new issue successes. In many cases the premiums to which the shares have risen are

justified by the prospects for the company concerned and suggest that greater care should have been taken in fixing the issue price somewhat higher. Thus Centrovincial offered a month ago at 14s. have risen to over 30s. The loudly acclaimed Tonibell shares issued at 9s. have risen to over 17s. Estates Property Investment offered at 7s. is now over 10s. More fantastic still, Scotcros, which were placed in the market at 6s., have risen to about 28s.

An investment conclusion which is to be drawn from this exceptional activity in the new issue market is that the issuing houses themselves must be doing exceptionally well. A number of them now have their shares quoted in the market. They include Schroders, Hambros, Kleinworts and Samuel. The current yields on these shares are not lush, but their promise of growth is considerable.

— LOMBARD LANE



River Pollution

WE have got 15,729 miles of main rivers in England and Wales alone. But we are turning them into one of the biggest sewage systems ever known. And killing off all the fish at the same time. Over thirty million gallons of untreated sewage pour into the river Tyne every day. The result is that in 1927 anglers took 3,361 salmon from the river, and in 1955 it was just three. And the chances are that anyone living in a large industrial city drinks not pure water, but purified sewage.

Big business declares it can't be helped, saying that the alternative is a shut-down and unemployment. But it's a funny thing that after an injunction has been taken out against them, they promptly find a cheap way to dispose of the waste. In fact one starch factory poisoned waters over a wide area with glucose waste. Then it was pointed out to them that there was more money in glucose than starch. That put a pretty quick stop to the trouble.

Some of the 2,000,000 fishermen in the country have formed themselves into an association, not only to try to regain some of their sport but also to curb the source of such diseases as polio and typhus.

They will fight anybody—on the old Common Law right that a riparian owner is entitled to have the water flowing past his land in its natural state of purity, with free passage for the fish. These anglers won the battle of the River Derwent. Among others, Derby Corporation and the Central Electricity Generating Board had to fall into line. Now the river looks much more as it should—cleaner and purer, and a place for fish and other wild life to enjoy.

A High Court judge told the members of one local council "If you don't mend your ways, I will send you to prison—all twenty-seven of you." That is what is needed—without any "ifs" and "buts." For it's not just the fish which matter, but the fact that they are like canaries in a coal mine. If they are alive, all must be well.

But it's rather like Grandmother's Steps. As one river is cleared, the position becomes worse in a number of others, the sludge ruins the beaches, and it makes people wonder just what the future of the country is likely to be.

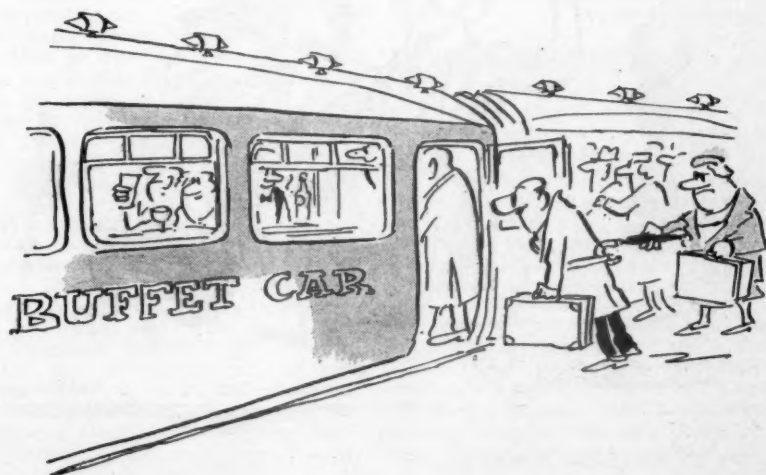
It's said that one of the causes of the decline of the Greek civilization was the destruction of fresh water fish by river pollution. Mosquito larvae flourished, and malaria became rife. Perhaps we can learn from history that it is no good shutting our eyes to these horrors.

— JOHN GASELEE

BUFFET CAR

by

LARRY





CRITICISM



AT THE PLAY

Progress to the Park (SAVILLE)*Belle* (STRAND)

AS one of the few who can have been privileged as a child to see through a telescope the ship in which Dr. Crippen thought he was escaping, I take a particular interest in him; and it seems to me a little soon, when some of its participants are still alive, to make a mocking musical out of his case. But having said that one must quickly add that by presenting it as a pastiche of the Edwardian music-hall Wolf Mankowitz has made it very light and bright, and that the selection of George Benson as the Doctor is a stroke that robs the evening of most of its offence.

Belle, or The Ballad of Dr. Crippen, is well cast, beautifully decorated by Loudon Sainthill and has a team of clever young dancers ready for any turn

in the drama. Belle was Mrs. Crippen, who drank and had aspirations to music-hall honours that were a pain in the neck to her husband, the long-suffering little doctor of Hilldrop Crescent. Half-accidentally (in a very funny scene) he poisoned her, and having dismembered her body, took a liner to Canada with his secretary, who was disguised as a boy. He was only caught because the ship was among the first to be equipped with radio.

This all fits neatly into the frame of a melodrama at the Bedford, where the stars of 1910 are crisply satirized and the action is interrupted with all the informality of the modern Palladium. The second act opened with a solo on the hunting horn that roused the first-night audience to frenzy, and Davy Kaye as Little Tich reminded us of how much we have lost in allowing the music-hall to die. Virginia Vernon is charming as Ethel Le Neve, Crippen's secretary, singing her sentimental numbers with

unsugared feeling, Rose Hill paints Belle's outsize vulgarity unsparingly and Jerry Desmonde takes a great many parts with sardonic authority, but in the end it is Mr. Benson's performance that will be remembered. His sad dignity as the crushed little doctor has an innocence that may not be deserved but is very touching and funny. Monty Norman's music is gay and his lyrics, though not startlingly witty, are all of a piece with the Bedford.

The new production by William T. Kotcheff of *Progress to the Park* has been considerably strengthened since I saw the play last year at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, but I still feel as I did then that Alun Owen is a promising dramatist who has taken the wrong turning. This is a slice-of-life about religious bigotry in the slums of Liverpool, where Protestants and Roman Catholics regard one another as heathen enemies and their young, less childish, gather in gangs to drink and squabble and chase girls. The minuscule plot concerns a "mixed" love affair that runs into trouble, and the rest of the evening is just talk. Very good talk some of it, for Mr. Owen writes amusing and perceptive dialogue, and his characters are real people, but the story is far too slender to hang them on. Where *Progress to the Park* might have been an interesting play, it is no more than a vivid impression.

Billie Whitelaw is touching as the girl who tried to remember her sailor in the arms of his friends, and Brian McDermott is effective as her honest, bewildered lover. Tom Bell has the major part of a local boy, a wild and eloquent Welshman, who has escaped from Liverpool through writing TV scripts. In his sardonic commentary he seems to speak for the author, but though he manages it very well, there are times when one feels he is so embarrassingly clever that his mates would have rebelled. There are several other excellent performances, notably by Patrick Magee as an insanely bigoted Ulsterman, and Michael Coles as a Liverpudlian Aguecheek. The production only falls down on a curtain hung



Dr. Crippen—GEORGE BENSON

Mighty Mick—DAVY KAYE

(Bell)

on noisy rings that have to be pulled back distractingly whenever anyone goes out.
—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Guns of Navarone *Cry for Happy*

SOME will go because it's another war film, some won't go for the same reason; some will go because they've been reading and hearing about it for two years or more; some will go because it had a royal première and the title has an impressive sound. Some will go because they know Alistair MacLean's novel, alert to notice any departure from the original. All I can say is that I went to *The Guns of Navarone* (Director: J. Lee Thompson) in the ordinary way of business, and found it good, stirring, entertaining, enjoyable stuff.

How closely they have kept to the original I've no idea, but it works as a film; that's the point. The scene is the German-occupied Greek island of Navarone (I was surprised to find that the name is pronounced *Navarohn*, not Navarony; why add that final E?), off the coast of Turkey, in 1943. On this island are tremendously powerful guns, and the story is of a team of six men who set out, against time, to destroy them. We follow them from the original briefing—James Robertson Justice again, goodness knows how the war would have gone without him—to the climax, in episodes of increasing suspense of several different kinds. On the way to the island their rickety boat is boarded by suspicious Germans after being buzzed by aircraft; then there is a storm that almost tears the cinema apart, while the man at the wheel struggles to aim the boat at a small gap between two rocks; then they have to climb a perpendicular rock cliff in the dark, each in turn having a narrow escape on the way up, and the leader being disabled. After this they have to carry him on a stretcher every time they move, and they are always moving, from time to time strangling a sentry or throwing one into the sea . . . until the climactic episode, which has them feverishly working to fix timed explosives to the guns and get away before the pursuing Germans can cut in through the steel doors below.

It's all effectively exciting, and visually very fine indeed (CinemaScope Technicolor photography: Oswald Morris). The characters—well, most of the characters are fairly typical action-story people, though not always consistently so. David Niven for instance, as Miller the explosives expert, after spending most of the picture as a provider of comic relief (apart from throwing in the regular tension-breaking facetious remark, *he is the only one who puffs out his cheeks with the effort of climbing, quite sure that there are others watching besides the seagulls*), is suddenly called



[*The Guns of Navarone*]

Brown—STANLEY BAKER

Andrea—ANTHONY QUINN

Mallory—GREGORY PECK

Miller—DAVID NIVEN

on to deliver an angry sermon about finer feelings to the acting leader (Gregory Peck). Towards the end there is also some discussion about the nature of responsibility that is, in the circumstances, surprising. Perhaps it went well enough in the novel, for in a novel there is, as I often point out, more time; but it seems merely artificial in a film most of which consists of spectacular and often very noisy action.

But these are comparatively small objections to a very big (over two and a half hours) picture. As a whole, on its adventure-story level, it's a great success.

Audience research, I take it, drew up the specifications for *Cry for Happy* (Director: George Marshall). True, the credits say it is "based on the novel by George Campbell," but internal evidence is strong that it was made for people who for more than three years have been pining for another, simpler, more obvious, less exacting version of *Teahouse of the August Moon*. So here again are the US sailors (including Glenn Ford) and the geishas, with their charming child-like ways and their soothingly deferential attitude towards men accustomed to more dominating women. The sailors, on leave in Kyoto, billet themselves in a geisha house, and what plot there is concerns their pretence to the authorities that they are running an orphanage there. Most of the laughs depend either on this pretence or on some other, and thus on what I call the look-be'ind-ya situation: the audience is amused merely because it knows something some of the

people on the screen don't know. It's all pretty to look at (again, CinemaScope and Technicolor), and at unpredictable moments there is a touch of freshness; but the most entertaining minutes in the film are those in which we are shown, quite irrelevantly, part of an earnest Japanese film-producer's Western called *The Rice Rustlers of Yokohama Gulch*. Ludicrously exaggerated as it is, this is funny, and one laughs at it even though there are intercut shots of an audience of US servicemen laughing at it too.

One other piece of regrettably faint praise: the double meanings in the dialogue are mostly a good deal less crude than they would be in a British comedy.
—RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE GALLERY

The Royal Academy Summer Exhibition

SPEAKING as one who is easily put off by the inevitable clashes of styles and personalities in a modern RA show, I admire and congratulate those who in this hurly-burly have the courage to clinch their choice and make a purchase. Works bought yearly run to about 700, so the secretary of the RA, Mr. Humphrey Brooke, said recently.

Putting myself theoretically in the shoes of one of these knowing folk this year, I looked round not for works which were necessarily controversial or hit one for six, but for those which I could with pleasure hang on my wall. I was far from disappointed in the quality of what I found.



"Good grief! Nobody tells me anything."

Mr. Rodney Burn has an exquisite eye for tone and a sensuous touch. This enables him to tackle a well-known beauty spot such as Notre Dame seen from a Quai without being hackneyed, or a dreary street corner without being dreary. Mr. Burn, who has never sought the limelight, deserves far more recognition than he has had yet. Miss Mary Fedden has endeavoured with a modern idiom to convey a feeling of the South, with results that would grace any contemporary room. Mr. Fleetwood-Walker can portray a pretty girl and avoid being over sweet—no mean feat; Mr. Greenham has a delicate small piece in his "Villa Borghese" (No. 650), as has Mr. Bernard Dunstan in his "Bedroom with Oil Lamps" (No. 694); Miss Margaret Green has extracted the decorative elements from a deserted holiday seafront—tea or telly time? Mr. John Cole has immortalized one more shop front, and those veterans John Nash, Edward Le Bas, de Grey and Caryl Weight have all added to their stature with works of distinction.

Should I wish a portrait as a private person, I think Mr. John Ward would be kind and fair to me with a finely drawn canvas, and were I a civic dignitary I should be proud to emerge as amused and amusing looking as Mr. A. R. Thomson has made the Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

— ADRIAN DAINTREY

ON THE AIR

Indifferent Fielding

ALTHOUGH Henry Fielding, aided by music and abetted by Miles, went down well at the Mermaid, he doesn't look like repeating his success

on television. The current offering in the BBC series *Classic Serials*, an adaptation of his tale of a virtuous woman, *Amelia*, has passed the half-way mark without offering any compelling reason why we should see it through to the end.

The BBC proclaim with justified pride that they have given us thirty classic serials since 1951 and I am surprised that they chose Fielding's last novel to celebrate the tenth anniversary which falls this week. The outstanding serials, to my taste, have been taken from Dickens and Jane Austen and the qualities that have made their work projectable have been just those that *Amelia* lacks. The successful classics have triumphed through their characters, not their plots. It is the broad-brushed people of Dickens and Jane who have engaged our interest, involved us in their troubles and lured us to the set each week. When the plots are simple and leisurely, the actors, untrammelled by narration, can build rich characterizations and we can have leisure to relish them. But when the plot is complex and demanding, dialogue, atmosphere and characterization must all be sacrificed to reportage and narrative.

Wantonly picaresque, fraught with coincidence and pointlessly convoluted in action, *Amelia* never gives the players time to make friends with us. The characters were pretty much pasteboard when they left Fielding's pen and the performers can do little with them when they spend most of their dialogue in reading letters aloud, explaining where they've been or telling us what complicated things have happened off-stage. The idea of Hogarth and Fielding opening each episode with more narration

has not worked out very happily either; it serves to emphasize that all is only make-believe and to sever us further from involvement. For many classic serials over the years our grateful thanks; but not this time for *Amelia*. The only striking success is scored by the dress designer; the damsels' necklines are cut in the true Fielding tradition and however dull the drama may be, there is always something for a man to look at.

International Concert Hall (BBC) comes to a more fitting climax this week with the closing recital of the season by Yehudi Menuhin. The penultimate programme was also a Menuhin night, sister Hephzibah being the soloist and performing Mozart's *Piano Concerto in B flat*. It was a delightful occasion; a charming woman playing gracious music, her fine features absorbed in execution, and the handsome figure of Rudolf Kempe commanding the orchestra with unflamboyant power. The BBC's various presentations of good music keep up a rare standard of elegance and provide the few occasions on television which are utterly civilized and relaxing. Apart from the cigarette seduction-sells there are no breaks for peace on the commercial channel, few minutes in which we may find refuge from action, information or the beat. It is depressing to peruse the *TV Times* and find that nowhere in the whole week can time be found for a single note of serious music; which bare fact the Pilkington Committee might well add to the volume of assistance they've already been given when they are considering the bestowal of the extra channels.

The first sight of Robert Morley's series *If the Crown Fits* (ATV) hit me pretty hard. Experience has made me television-wary and it is some time since I watched humour so ponderous or comedy that creaked so like a bullock-cart. Peter Bull, I'm sure, has grounds for civil action over the lines he was lumbered with. Two jolly quips which haunt me—and probably him—will give non-viewers an idea of the hilarity afoot . . . In reading a message without his glasses, he reported, "There was an indecent at the frontier this morning—I'm sorry, the word should be *incident*." And "Karl Marx? Is he the one who plays the harp?" . . . Both of which come doubly hard on a man who used to have Samuel Beckett as his script-writer.

I hoped at first that I might be able to blame someone for having provided material unworthy of Morley but I found at the end, fast though they ran the captions to conceal it, that King Rupert, with just four script associates, wrote it himself. With loyalty born of so many past delights I shall watch hopefully the progress of the First Gentleman of Grabnia.

— PATRICK RYAN

BOOKING OFFICE

SORTING OUT THE VICTORIANS

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

Victorian Comfort: A Social History of Design from 1830-1900. John Gloag. Adam and Charles Black, 50/-

AS the Victorian age recedes, the mists of nostalgia rise, and Victoriana collecting is no longer a dilettante cult but a national pastime. There could be no better moment for a book which puts the period into perspective from the aesthetic point of view. John Gloag should be taken as an antidote to John Betjeman.

In *Victorian Comfort*, Mr. Gloag continues the history of social design from where he left it in his *Georgian Grace* (1660-1830). The decline in taste which set in during the 1820s coincided with the rise of an uncultured, narrow-minded, industrial plutocracy. In middle-class homes, elegance became identified with flimsiness, and pleasure was equated with sin: "No previous civilization ever had so many citizens who combined high moral standards with deplorable taste." First there is the street scene, with industry encroaching without control and architects regarded as purveyors of styles; then the interiors of the mansions, gentlemen's residences, suburban villas, and *cottages ornées*. Good solid pieces of furniture, denoting substantial means, were supplemented according to passing fashions. Gothic, rustic, bamboo, oriental, mediaeval, cottage, art-nouveau, and "Quaint Style" furniture all came—and usually stayed. Thus there was an accumulation over the years, to which was added art-workmanship of all kinds, omniums, what-nots, *etagères*, sociables, cosy corners, fire-screens, mantel valences, brackets, monumental clocks, articles of vertu, papier-mâché pieces, blue-and-white china, and those elaborate inutilities which were the work of unmarried ladies—a means of passing the time while time passed them by. *Sylvia's Home Journal*, *The Young Ladies' Treasure Book*, auctioneers' catalogues, and tradesmen's advertisements have yielded information, as have the humorous papers, from which the author believes we can learn more about the ideas, tastes, prejudices and pleasures of the Victorians than from any other

source: *Judy*, *Moonshine*, *Pick-me-up*, *Fun*, *Punch*, *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*, *Scraps*. *Punch* alone has survived; and *Punch*, he considers, is by far the most reliable record, for it abjured vulgarity and attracted artists of outstanding ability.

The Victorians fascinate by their paradoxes: so devoted to comfort in the home, yet so wedded to discomfort in their clothes; so dedicated to their belief in the inevitability of progress, but progress for men only; so genteel, and yet with a spittoon in the drawing-room (called a salivarium and disguised as a foot-stool); so inventive, and yet distressingly slow to think of the elementary comfort of lavatories on trains; so prudish, and yet sea-bathing naked. For, although generally speaking the practice of ladies and gentlemen bathing in the nude ended, as Mr. Gloag says, with the Georgians, I feel this should be qualified. There were, in fact, some surprising pockets of resistance. In June, 1874, the Rev. Francis Kilvert wrote in his diary: "At Shanklin one has to adopt the detestable custom of bathing in drawers. If Ladies don't like to see men naked, why don't they keep away from the sight?" and men and

women were still bathing naked at Aberdeen in the 'eighties, with only a fishing net dividing their allotted portions of the beach.

Only in travel was grace and elegance carried through from the Georgian age . . . in the design of river and lake steamers, of private yachts and carriages, of hansom cabs and first-class railway carriages. When there was no imagined obligation to disguise an article, Victorian designers showed a sensitive regard for proportion and function. But class pervaded everything—houses and furnishings, clothes and church-going, pleasure and philanthropy. Death itself did not cancel class differences: *Artisan's Carriage Funeral*, £3 18s. 6d., or £5 10s. 6d., with the deceased and mourners conveyed in separate carriages; *Tradesmen's ditto*, *Hearse and Pair and Coach and Pair*, £7 12s. 6d.; *First-Class Funeral, including Shell, Lead Coffin and Outside Case, Hearse and Four Horses, Two Coaches and Pairs, Plumes and full equipment*, £29 12s. 6d. . . . "even the trappings of death gave an illusion of comfort in the tomb—for a well-made coffin of oak, with an inner shell, and ornamental handles of polished brass or gilded metal was a final example of good, substantial furnishing with the best materials."

Judicially chosen illustrations are part of the delight and value of this book. With his specialized knowledge of furniture and design, Mr. Gloag has appraised those things most illuminating to the whole philosophy of Victorian middle-class life, itself felicitously evoked by chapters on comfort and conscience, comfort and pleasure. Perhaps it is because comfort stopped short of the basement that the kitchen and its equipment are not included? A companion volume, now in preparation, is to be on Victorian taste as manifested by architecture and industrial design, and influenced by men like Pugin, Ruskin, Morris, and the great engineers.

CRITIC'S PHRASEBOOK



Loosely articulated plot

NEW FICTION

The Man Who Won the Pools. J. I. M. Stewart. Gollancz, 15/-

Dark Torrent of Glencoe. Edward Grierson. Chatto and Windus, 18/-

The Proverb. Marcel Aymé. Bodley Head, 16/-

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal. H. E. Bates. Michael Joseph, 15/-

THE hero of *The Man Who Won the Pools* is a hard-working young artisan who lives with his Auntie in Oxford and has his head screwed on. The absurd theory, put about by the envious, that to win a quarter-of-a-million out of the blue brings ruin and damnation is amply disproved by the

adventures of this delightful comic character. Phil Tombs is, of course, *bouleversé*, but he sets out to learn. J. I. M. Stewart (Michael Innes) gives us a rich report of the unctuous presentation of the cheque, with TV cameras churning in the window of the aunt's cottage. Phil falls in love at first sight with the pools man's secretary, and pursues her to London, where he gets painfully mixed up with crooks who want him to finance a chain of strip-tease shows. But it is its social observation that distinguishes this novel, and it is nowhere more acute than in Phil's visits to two very different country houses, a Jagared Cotswold hide-out of the new-rich and a decaying mansion belonging to lunatic aristocrats who have declared war on the railways. Phil is a receptive boy and at the end goes off to Cambridge, having shaken off all entanglements, with our confidence. Mr. Stewart handles him with a consistently light touch. This story can scarcely fail to be made into a film, on the lines of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, but ranging more lightly over wider country.

Another straight novel from a specialist in crime is Edward Grierson's *Dark Torrent of Glencoe*, which I read with interest and horror. That renegade Scotsmen in London should have persuaded Dutch William to quarter a Campbell army on the Macdonalds with orders to slaughter their unsuspecting hosts is a piece of thuggery almost beyond belief. Mr. Grierson introduces a young Campbell with a conscience, who rides to London to get William to rescind his order, but has the King's letter stolen from him and after gruelling adventures arrives too late to prevent the massacre. A battle with highwaymen, James Campbell's illicit entry into the gloom of Kensington Palace, the extraordinary atmosphere in the glen where the Campbells, ignorant of their mission, are mellowed by Macdonald hospitality, and the killing itself, carried out with the greatest brutality in the snow, are admirably described. As an exciting historical novel this is to be recommended.

The title-story in Marcel Aymé's new collection, *The Proverb*, was already familiar to me; it is the brilliant one about the pompous father who wrote his son's essay for him and was saved from family disgrace by the boy's thoughtfulness in lying about his marks. These stories, beautifully translated by Norman Denny, are satirical and witty and full of understanding of human failing. The most original is *La Bonne Peinture*, in which a struggling artist discovers that his paintings have the actual property of nourishment, so that starving men who look at them for twenty minutes are replete. But they all make excellent reading.

The majority of H. E. Bates's short stories in his new collection, *Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal*, are about women who are pathetic either through their own stupidity or because fate has dealt them

a bad hand. I think the best here is a moral tale, *The Yellow Crab*, of the dramatic end of a tycoon who continued to be acquisitive even on holiday; but the title-story runs it close with its account of the agonies of a shy village woman at the house-warming party of a rich queer. Mr. Bates's stories are neat and polished, but to me they seem much more contrived than those of M. Aymé.

—ERIC KEOWN



MORE NEW NOVELS

All We Possess. Edward Hyams. *Longmans*, 18/-

Across the Water. Michael Campbell. *Heinemann*, 16/-

Are You Hungry Are You Cold. Ludwig Bemelmans. *Andre Deutsch*, 15/-

Don't Raise the Bridge (Lower the River) Max Wilk. *Heinemann*, 16/-

Edward Hyams's newest novel has already come in for a good deal of praise, chiefly on the ground that it tells a story. The remark calls up, perhaps, expectation of a rather old-fashioned, middle-brow novel, solid and sensible; and this is precisely what *All We Possess* is. The story is about the growth of a young man, moving from promise and unfulfilledness into misfortune and self-destruction. The title of the novel is taken from Simone Weil, who observed that the power to say "I" is the one thing we possess—and that the only free act which it is given to us to accomplish is the destruction of the "I." Mr. Hyams works this idea out with care and honesty, rather than with complexity; a more elaborate moral world, a more varied set of people, might have given larger results. The action works itself out in a succession of crises in the life of Edward Tillotson, crises of a mild and slender sort that he himself does not recognize. Mr. Hyams is something of a fatalist; he sees one event as leading to another in clear consequence. Tillotson's problems are, as I say, homely ones, quite simply drawn—problems of sex, money and class. Personally I enjoyed the book for its social detail, which Mr. Hyams does in the manner of Wells, whom as a novelist he much resembles. The world of the petty-bourgeois, left-wing classes, confined in values and expectations, uncertain about its relation to those above and below it, is very nicely given, though Mr. Hyams does occasionally transgress into social improbabilities.

In his third novel, *Across the Water*, Michael Campbell takes us into a very similar world on the other side of the Irish Sea. This is the world of petty-bourgeois Ireland, now looking all too lustfully at the nice things they have across the water—from the television to the class system. As those who have read his previous novels will know, Mr. Campbell is a comic novelist. Here he takes on splendidly both the provincial

ity of Ireland and that most painful characteristic of provinces—its desire to steal what it can from the nearest capital which, in Ireland's case, is across the water. There are some delightful comic scenes, but even better is Mr. Campbell's anger at the intolerable, the downhill way that Ireland (like England) has embarked on, in the direction of ever shoddier and more ready-made values. The only trouble with the book is that when an author describes people getting bored doing ordinary things, then the reader is apt to suffer from the same boredom. However, it is worth it.

No one will be surprised to learn that Ludwig Bemelmans's *Are You Hungry Are You Cold* is written with enormous power and control. Set in France, Spain and Germany before, during and after the war, it is the story, told in the first person, of a girl who grows up in a style of rebellion that is at once magnificent and damned. This, I think, describes the tale as the author sees it. But there are, for all its finish, certain weaknesses. The unusual point of view of the book isn't matched by an adequate evaluation, so that the reader is not carried along with the heroine—who after all commits arson, is apparently in part responsible for the death of a child and accepts moral anarchy and disorder as the human condition, much preferable to the reign of authority. The book is structured anecdotally and there is a good deal of local colour that tends at once to sentimentalize and to exaggerate the moral squalour of modern Europe. Mr. Bemelmans is craftsman enough to engage with these problems, but he takes at times the middlebrow solution.

Another comic novel—Max Wilk's *Don't Raise the Bridge (Lower the River)* takes its title from Jimmy Durante, its humorous manner from Peter de Vries and its ethics from Tammany Hall. Some of the jokes are very intra-mural but there are one or two splendid situations, particularly one where the hero, after having seduced a Connecticut matron and learned through her that her husband has invented a new oil-drill, steals the plans, arranges for them to be bought by a European rival company and then, as he is about to go off and catch the plane to Paris, is served with a summons for jury-duty.

—MALCOLM BRADBURY



BACKBONE OF ENGLAND

The Great North Road. Frank Morley. Hutchinson, 25/-

"I don't see," says Mr. Morley, considering the origin of Hocktide, "how you can travel the Road without carrying those thirteen volumes [of the *Oxford English Dictionary*] in your knapsack." That would be a bit of a chip on the shoulder, but Mr. Morley's own book would stiffen the flaps, help to keep the spare socks dry, and make the pilgrim's progress along this scenically rather dull thoroughfare one long enchanting lesson in English history. From the Romans who carved it (ten yards wide, not counting the ditches on both sides, in five layers) to help them divide and rule, through the Saxons whose top people entertained lavishly along it, the cloth-making Danes and the repressively fortifying Normans, the author finds a link between his beloved Road and the horrors of religious persecution, Cromwell, and even the Great Exhibition of 1851. Mr. Morley lets his fancy roam free to back some of his arguments where proof is impossible but his conjectures are always ingenious. Don't be afraid of having to grind along the highway all day; no one is readier to dart off down seductive byways that lead to theories, anecdotes and discoveries far more interesting than Grantham, Stilton and Alconbury.

— LESLIE MARSH

BEFORE THE BEATNIKS

The First Bohemian. The Life of Henry Murger. Robert Baldick. Hamish Hamilton, 21/-

"As long as men and women are young and not quite virtuous, so long will this kind of life exist, just thus; and never has it been rendered so simply, sympathetically, and with so youthful a touch of sentiment, as in Murger's pages." So Arthur Symonds wrote of *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, which was published a hundred and twelve years ago; and many readers would agree with him. But if we cannot recall *la Bohème* without recalling the name of Henry Murger, we have known little about him except his name. Here is the first fully-documented biography of the concierge's son who immortalized his own life in the Latin Quarter and then tried in vain to break with his creation. Murger's last words were: "No music, no noise . . . no Bohemia!" but the First Bohemian he remains. As such, as the acquaintance of Courbet, Baudelaire and Nadar, as a

vivid Parisian in a vivid age, he deserved his book; and Dr. Baldick has written it with affection and lively erudition.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

PORTOBELLO POCKETBOOK

Looking in Junk Shops. John Bedford. Parrish, 12/6

This is just the pocket-sized handbook to keep one company up and down the Portobello Road: to open one's eyes to the world of what-not and bric-à-brac. There is nothing like browsing round junk shops for intellectual relaxation; but there is also nothing like being wise before we acquire our 1961 Chinese Chippendale, or the Staffordshire that "arrived from there last month rather than last century." The only trouble with an illustrated, enthusiastic vademecum like this is that it puts ideas into one's head: Buhl clocks and regimental buttons, bells, fans, firebacks, fireplace furniture and firescreens. The merest thought of Nailsea glass on white-painted shelves might empty one's pockets were it not that, like editors, we suffered from shortage of space.

— J.R.



CREDIT BALANCE

The Complete Ronald Firbank. With a Preface by Anthony Powell. Duckworth, 42/- Here they are, ten stories and a play, together with a perceptive introduction by Anthony Powell (who describes in Firbank's writing such unexpected influences as Thomas Hardy)—and all comfortably contained in under 800 pages. Even at two guineas this looks as though it may be the most desirable book of the year.

Great Seamen. Oliver Warner. Bell, 16/- Biographical sketches of handlers of ships and men from Drake and Cook to Shackleton and Cunningham. Preference for the tactician to the strategist, hence Beatty but not Fisher. Anecdotal, knowledgeable, enthusiastic. Curious facts, e.g., the French navy during the Revolution used cartridges made from painted church music.



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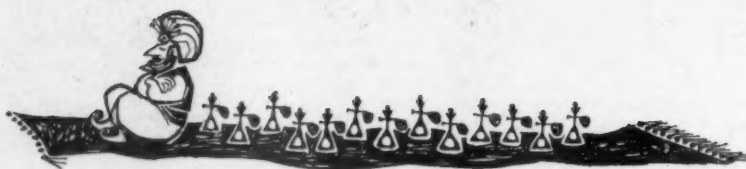
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FOR WOMEN



My Career as a Cricketer

MY career as a cricketer began and ended in a way that was disastrous to me. I did not like any ball games, especially if the balls were hard—I thought they might hit me. In hockey I was afraid of the sticks too, and kept as far away from the ball and other people's sticks as I could.

In a school where games were important, where brawn rather than brain formed the élite, it was only to be expected that my activities on the playing field should be regarded with a certain *froideur*. But apart from an occasional exasperated cry from the games mistress—she had in any case given me up at an early stage—nothing was actually *said*. I was allowed to go my own sweet, inferior way, and while the bosoms of the great ones were increasingly festooned with badges, my own gym-tunic remained in original mint condition.

But a day came when all that was changed. Authority decided that what was needed to put the school on its feet was a course of intensive instruction from the cricket coach of a neighbouring boys' school. This prospect caused many an ambitious heart to beat faster under its badges.

The first visit was to be in the nature of a try-out so that the coach could form his own opinion as to the capabilities of his prospective pupils. From the point of view of the élite, there was only

one slight flaw in the arrangements: the great man, in his lordly way, had decided to try out not only the members of the first and second elevens but—so as to make sure that no material was being wasted—upper school as well.

Alphabetical order was the rule of the day, and as I came near the end I had plenty of time in which to brood. I watched the mighty overarms with the fascinated despair of a victim awaiting his turn at the guillotine. Strapping the pads to my shaking knees I walked as steadily as I could up to the wicket.

It was all over very quickly. The great man walked back, turned and faced me; ran, raising his arm. I gave one agonized look then closed my eyes tight. Wildly I swept my bat into the air. There was a crack which made my hands tingle. I opened my eyes to see the coach and everyone else gazing open-mouthed into the sky. I looked too, and there was a small object up in the air, sailing towards the boundary of the field—beyond the boundary of the field, disappearing—yes, disappearing over the roofs of the neighbouring houses!

And that was how I got into the second eleven. Actually, it should have been the first, but that was more than the team could stomach, so they made a hasty compromise.

From then on my life was hell. For it went without saying that I was in the

house eleven too, which meant that with house matches every evening and school matches at the week-ends my life that term was one long purgatory. There was not only my obsessional fear of the ball, but also—what was new—the horrible, nagging feeling that I ought not to "let the side down."

The school matches were, of course the worst. Sometimes we travelled long distances by coach to play on alien grounds; we were given tea by the opposing team. Once, we were even escorted round a chocolate factory and each presented with a small box of chocolates. It seemed even worse after all this trouble to be out with my customary duck. They never *said* anything; it was the way they *looked* that bit into my soul. They all munched *their* chocolates in the bus home; I didn't dare to. I thought it would look like effrontery.

At last the day of reckoning came. It was the last match of the season. A neighbouring University had sent its second eleven to play ours on the school field. They turned up one man short. With striking magnanimity our captain proffered the services of one of her own team (taking on the reserve for the school). Needless to say, mine were the services she offered to her grateful opponents. And that is how I came to play cricket for a University eleven.

The school batted first. Then we of the University team went in—I, of course, being last man. It was an exciting match, and feeling was running high when I went in to bat. "Only three to make," said one of my new colleagues, "and we've won!"

The words didn't make much of an impression until I actually hit the ball, and found myself running like mad. Flushed with success, I hit out again. Two more runs this time! Our side and their supporters were waving their arms and shouting their heads off. "Well done! Well done! We've won! We've won!" It was music to my ears.

Next ball I was out. Still, they all patted me on the back and congratulated me as I walked across to the pavilion. The visiting team, that is.

It was a pretty different story when they had all gone and I was left to face the school. Perhaps it's better to draw a veil over that. Still, there was one consolation—they didn't ask me to play again next year. — MOLLY TATCHELL



"Are you quite sure it's done?"

Call Me Shorty

THERE is in our attic a reproachful row of furniture with a Corgi look. These are the survivors of my first great Sawing Period. Other women collect lovers, diamonds, poodles. I collect saws. In the garage my treasures are racked, the smallest, the oldest, my rusty trusty friend of twenty years, the tenon saw whose delicate teeth have been put to many an unlawful mouthful in their time. In between, an assortment of wobbly or musical saws—temperamental things inclined to get out of the groove and bite the hand that steadies. I am not much in love with these or the big woodsman's saw whose metal handle sets the teeth on edge. But to my newest, the pruning saw, I am devoted. Eyeing that narrow saurian profile filled with piranha teeth I feel the tingle of power resurge in my palms. That is the delightful thing about the saw. For half the energy needed to scour a dozen pans a woman can wreck beneficent havoc—drink to the dregs the potion of power. It is marvellous.

I collected my Sawing Syndrome at the time of furnishing our first nest. Up to then I had given little heed to

furniture. Now it was borne in on me that we bantams were fated to live in a world designed for long-shinned supermen. It was equally apparent, looking around, that the norm of womanhood was five feet three inches and under. I resolved to do something about it and fell upon a Swiss milking stool that had always annoyed me. I passed to dining chairs and table where for so long I had swung heels in the void or been forced to sit on the extreme edge and get pins and needles in the weirdest places. Three inches off all round was the miracle of my life. I could not wait to preach the good news.

We were a small town of young marrieds in the pre-baby stage and ripe for any mischief. The Sawing Itch spread with gratifying speed. To the timid I preached the advantage of the *fait accompli* when dealing with husbands. Soon our street was full of happy faces reporting back that the spare bed was now a divan, that the kitchen set had had a manicure, that mother's bedside table had divided into two coffee tables. By trial and error (it was then that attics began to take in lodgers) we progressed to arm-

chairs, seeking unconsciously that knees-higher-than-chin tilt so commonplace to-day. I did not imagine the old-fashioned looks I was beginning to get from husbands home from the station.

Bad moments I had, when, for instance, I forgot to allow for the angle of splay, so that our dining table lost more than it bargained for in two major operations.

The itch returned after that whenever we moved house and acquired new furniture. Some of the lower bassets passed in turn to the nursery and thence to the playroom. But there was always something that wanted cutting down to size. So I kept my hand in for the day when a maladjusted mouse made a meal of the hind leg of my secretaire. I did not hesitate. Of course it looks, well unusual, but then not everyone can boast a secretaire with duck's disease. Not wooden at any rate. Now at last I can type without sitting on the dictionary.

In this my latest nest I am up against a modern refectory table with a cross-bar to foil happy sawyers. *Désœuvrée*, my eye dawdles along the swan-necks of our various rockers. What would result if I sawed through A. B. and C. D.? I wonder. Something curly by Steinberg, no doubt. Most iron of ironies, only last week my American interior magazine had a fine spread blazoned, "The Trend for 1961 is the Low, Relaxed, Informal Look."

Now they tell me.

—STELLA CORSO



Toby Competitions

No. 165—Back Your Fancy

THE Derby will soon be upon us. Write a tipster's forecast, not excluding all possibilities, of the result of an imaginary impending by-election with at least four candidates. Limit 120 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, May 17.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 165, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 162 (Take it Easy)

Competitors were invited to submit proposals to absolve company directors from the stigma of being hard task-masters. If their ideas are representative of general opinion one is driven to the conclusion that as a nation we do not understand the real meaning of relaxation. Physical fitness classes, tea breaks and facilities for getting away sharp on closing time were the most popular among a rather uninspired collection.

The winner was:

J. L. PAISLEY
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MANCHESTER, 23

HAMMERTON AND GRINDLEY,
IRONMASTERS

Staff Memo

IMPROVEMENT OF LABOUR RELATIONS

1. The practice of going down on one knee when entering my private office will cease. A formal bow from the waist will suffice.

2. The instruction requiring Foremen and Charge-Hands to move at the double may be relaxed. On production of an appropriate medical certificate,

those over the age of 50 can be allowed to adopt a smart Light Infantry pace.

3. The speed of Fork Lift Trucks on the shop floor may, with discretion, be reduced from 12 to 10 mph.

4. The Works Committee, at present restricted to meeting in the Boiler House after 5.30 p.m., may in future meet in the Canteen—but not after 8.30 a.m.

5. The practice of referring to the Firm as "Hammer and Grind," and all references to "The Grindstone" and "The Nether Millstone," will cease.

(Signed) MILLSTONE GRINDLEY
Managing Director

Following are the runners-up:

Our Company Doctor says we must improve executives' health by removing all undue strain.

When entertaining customers you should therefore limit drinks to two glasses and meals to 15s., thus reducing indigestion.

Company cars will not exceed two litres, to eliminate mental strain driving large fast cars. My Bentley will however maintain Company prestige.

To reduce lung cancer, smoking will cease in Company premises, except in my office where visitors must feel welcome.

To reduce tannin poisoning, office teas will be discontinued.

Holidays exceeding the usual fortnight will be unpaid (to ease consciences).

Promotion encourages rat-races, damaging duodenum and nerves. No future directors will be promoted from within. My outside friends will co-operate by filling vacancies.

Francis Wayne, Graffham Court, Petworth, Sussex

M/Y Enterprise, off Monte Carlo

My congratulations upon the magnificent results achieved in 1960, details of which only reached me to-day. I fear, however, that my prolonged absence has meant a great deal of extra work for you all. Accordingly I have decided to place my private yacht at the disposal of senior executives of the Company. I shall continue to pay the crew's wages so

that personal responsibility will be limited to such items as victualling, fuel-oil, harbour dues, marine insurance, repairs and maintenance.

I myself propose to take over the duties of each executive during his absence but should the Company's business in consequence suffer, I shall be forced to rescind my directive.

R. E. Ansell, 22 Sharmans Cross Road, Solihull, Warwickshire

Gentlemen,

I have been looking at your expense accounts, and have been distressed to observe how you have been sacrificing your health and leisure, and the sacred calls of family life, by consuming large quantities of unwholesome food and drink, visiting exhausting places of entertainment, and showing civility to uncongenial guests, all in the supposed interests of the firm.

I am resolved to relieve you of these burdensome obligations. I believe that our products can compete on their merits with those of our rivals; that few buyers are influenced by lavish hospitalities, and that business is best conducted on business premises.

You will be glad to learn that henceforth no such unwelcome activities will be expected of you, save in very exceptional circumstances.

R. Kennard Davis, On-the-Hill, Pilton, Shepton Mallet, Somerset

Directive from SIR MORTIMER McAABE, Chairman of MORTICIANS, LTD., to all EXECUTIVES:

Gentlemen,

Our figures show encouraging lifelessness, and progress has come to a dead end. You have grave responsibilities: please abandon canvassing in deadly earnest. Any mortal thing (including free fire-insurance) may be offered to clients—we must be in at the death before we present the last account. It is mortifying to cut a colleague dead, and this institution can, fortunately, carry dead weight. Employees need not go out and catch their death while I reap the reward: I ask no more of them than I, as a week-end motorist, am prepared to undertake myself. So let us bury the hatchet.

MORTIMER McAABE.

A. M. Robertson, 28 Wandle Court Gardens, Beddington, Croydon



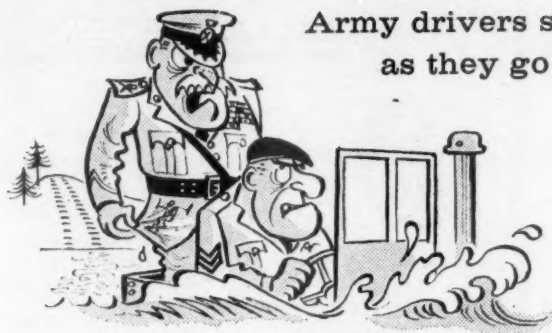
"Harry Johnson!"

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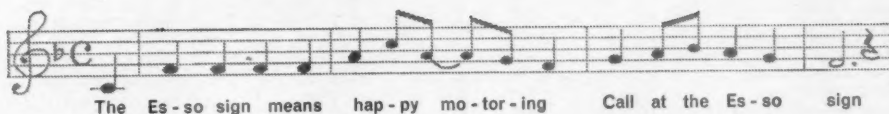


Army drivers say it,
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XVIII

(evenings, 7.30 pm): May 16, *Semele*. May 17, *Rinaldo*.

GALLERIES



Arts Council. Sculpture and drawings by Barlach. **Beaux Arts.** Frank Auerbach paintings and drawings. **Federation of British Artists.** Annigoni. **Gimpel Fils.** Recent paintings by Matta. **Hanover.** "Accrochage" (Dubuffet-Fautrier-Mathieu-Poliakoff) (until Sat.). **Arthur Jeffress.** Pen and water-colour drawings by Villiers David. **Leonard Koetser.** Dutch, Flemish and Italian old masters. **Lefevre.** Paintings by Ghika. **Leicester.** Paintings by John Craxton and Eric Rutherford; recent etchings and lithographs by modern artists. **Marlborough.** Kandinsky—"The Road to Abstraction." **New London.** Ten sculptors; and paintings by Tade. **Piccadilly.** Sakti Barman. **Redfern.** Rodrigo Moynihan and Anne Norwich. **Reid.** First London exhibition of paintings and drawings by Albert Houthuesen. **Rowland Browne and Delbanco.** 19th- and 20th-century French and English flower-paintings. **Royal Academy.** Summer Exhibition. **RWS.** Woodcuts by Shiko Munakata. **Tate.** Contemporary Yugoslav paintings and sculpture. **Tryon.** Water-colours of British and Canadian birds by Fenwick Lansdowne. **Upper Grosvenor.** Selected paintings by French and English artists. **V & A.** Centenary exhibition of Kuniyoshi prints and drawings. **Waddington.** Sculpture by Denis Mitchell. **Walker's.** Anthony Day and Edwin Mortlock. **Whitechapel.** Paintings and drawings by Edmond Kapp.

SHOPS



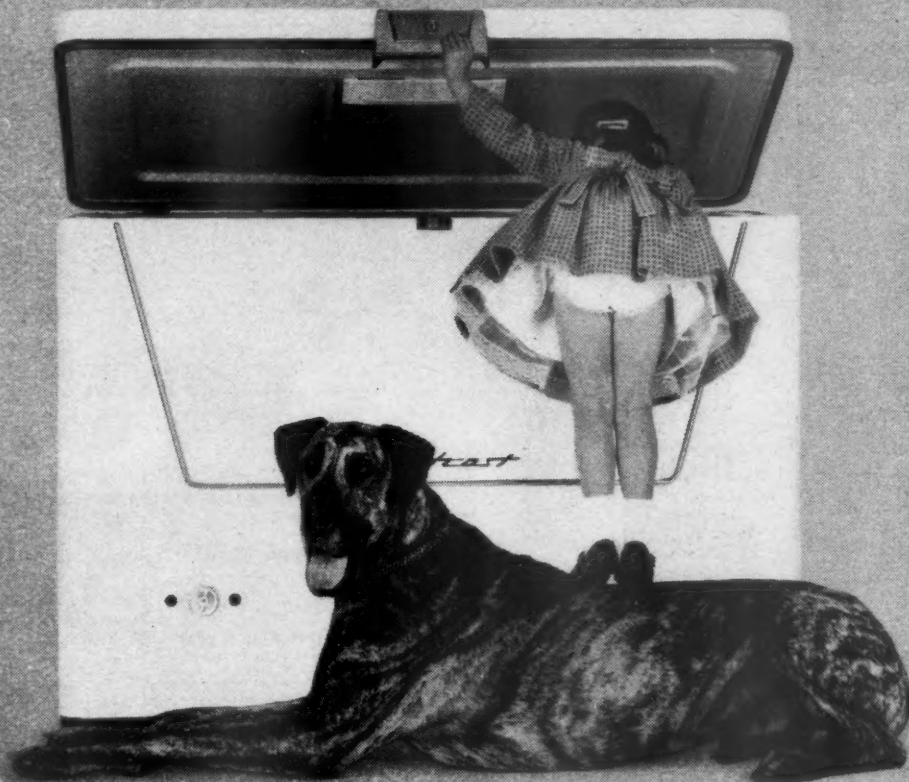
Heal's leads off this week with an exhibition of Garden Furniture on show until July 1, including some new designs from the Continent. **Harrods** counter-attacks with its Garden Furniture display, on from May 13 to June 10. Latest designs are shown in natural garden settings. If still undecided, you could visit **Marshall and Snelgrove's** new Garden Furniture department on the Lower Ground Floor, which offers portable swimming pools, French chairs, and Italian garden umbrellas. On the Third Floor in this store there is a display direct from the Design Centre in the Furnishing Fabrics Department, and the new Dansk Room in the China and Glass section has a comprehensive range of wood, vitreous enamel and earthen ware designed by Jens H. Quistgaard.

If sailing is your summer activity the first place to go is the special sailing section at **Lillywhites.** Quite new there this season are "Nylslips," their exclusive sailing shoes for women. If some men prefer to face storms on dry land, **Austin Reed's** raincoats and outdoor jackets in weatherproof "Grenfell" cloth will prove a great asset. If a roof over your head appeals even more, visit the camping equipment on show this week at **Bentalls** of Kingston.

The new Fabric Department on the Ground Floor of **Derry & Toms** supplies not only fabrics but also the services of a pattern cutter who, for only 5s., will measure and cut out patterns, after making any necessary adjustments, provided that the material has been bought in the store. Excellent for the scissor-shy home dressmaker. Try not to leave the store without a visit to the roof restaurant and the Spanish and Tudor style roof gardens.

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P.3



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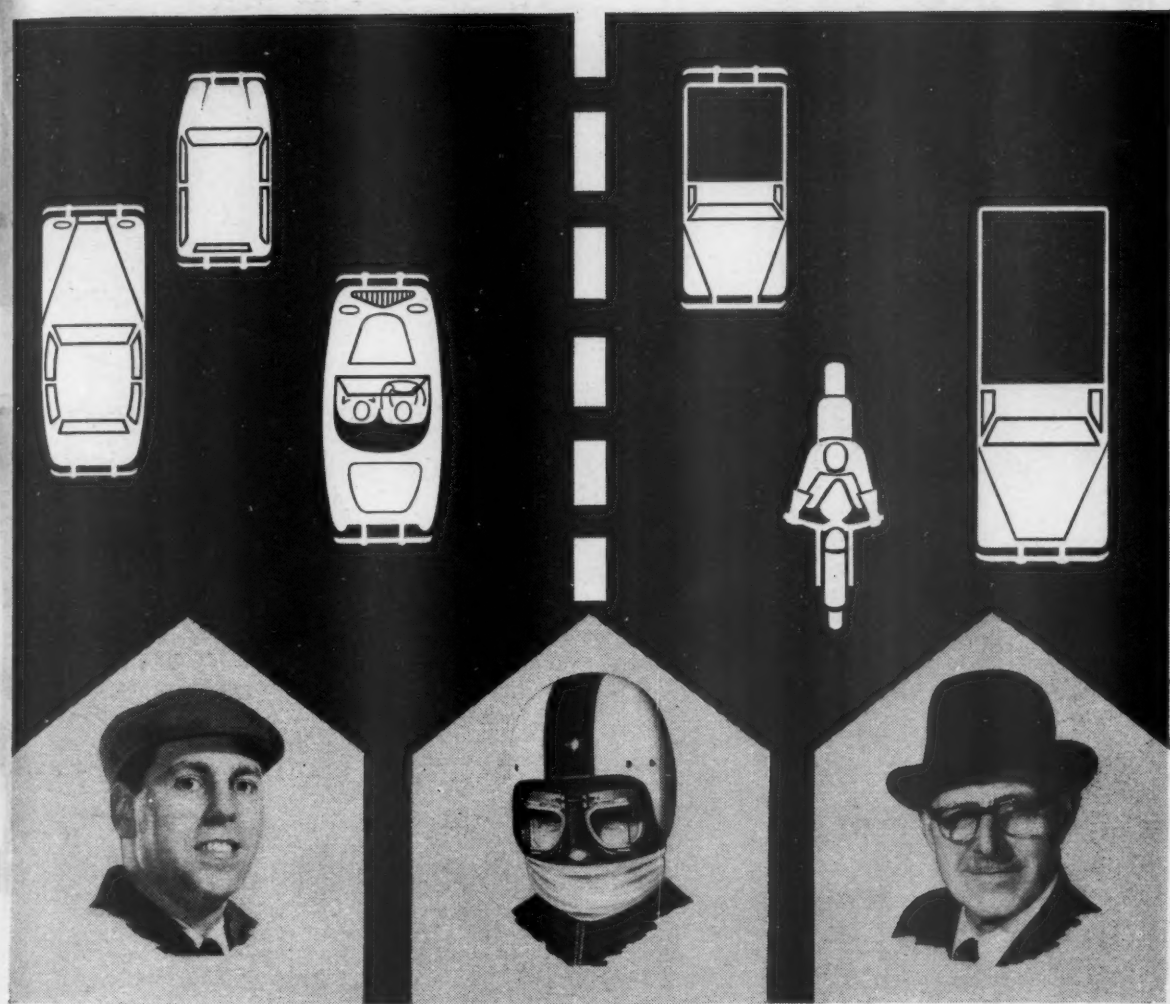
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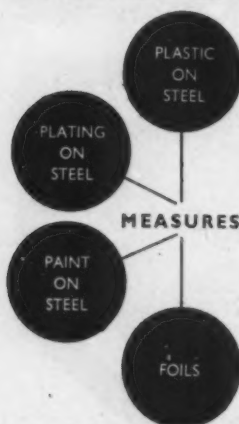


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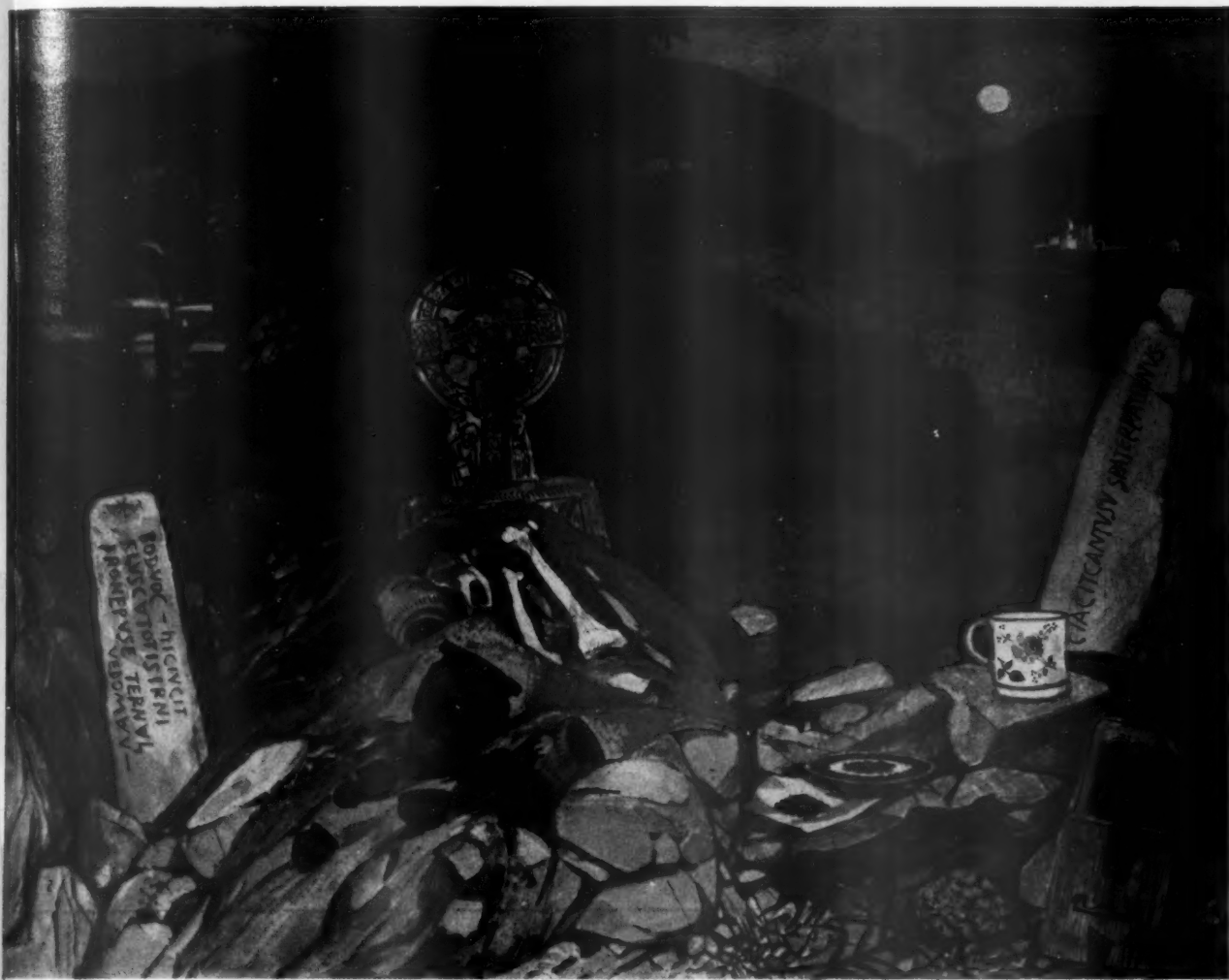
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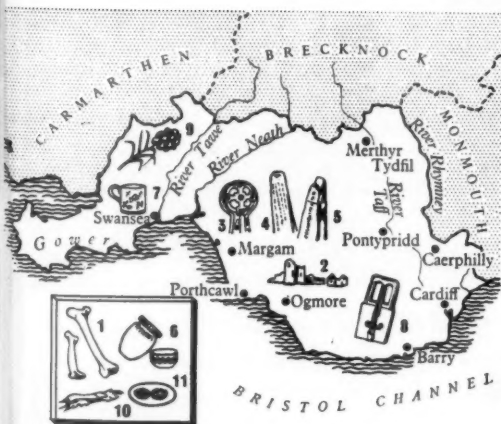
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Painted by John Elwyn

Shell guide to GLAMORGAN



Glamorgan is *gwlad Morgan*, Morgan's land, after its British ruler in the 8th century. But the county's human tale goes back long before the British. In an Oxford museum lie the red-ochred bones (1) of the "Red Lady of Paviland"—in reality the bones of a young huntsman of the Old Stone Age, found along with mammoth bones in a cliff cave on the Glamorgan—or more exactly the Gower—coast. Neolithic and Bronze Age people liked the grazing and farming country of the Vale of Glamorgan. So did the British or Welsh (who became more or less Romanized in Glamorgan) and later on the Normans and the English, a history symbolized in this painting by Ogmore Castle (2), a conqueror's castle dating back to 1120, and by three engraved stones now in the museum at Margam: the Great Cross of Conbeline (3), a carved wheel cross of British Christianity (8th-12th century), the Bodvoc Stone (4) of about 550, commemorating the princely Briton named Bodvoc or Bodvocus, and a Roman milestone (5), which was re-inscribed in the Dark Ages to commemorate a Briton named Cantusus.

There is a contrast of vale and northern hill, of ancient farm land and those once despised gaunt hills which have given Glamorgan coal, wealth, factories and cities; a contrast, too, in the foreground objects—crude urns and cups (6) from Bronze Age barrows and painted pottery (7) from the famous Swansea works. Notice also a *crwth* (8), the ancient Welsh fiddle; one of the more peculiar wild flowers of Glamorgan, the Pearly Everlasting (9) from North America; and a favourite Glamorgan delicacy, laver, prepared from the laver seaweed (10), and delicious with lamb or mutton or bacon, or in little cakes with oatmeal (11).

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls. In U.S.A. from Transatlantic Art Inc., Hollywood by the Sea, Florida, at \$2.00.

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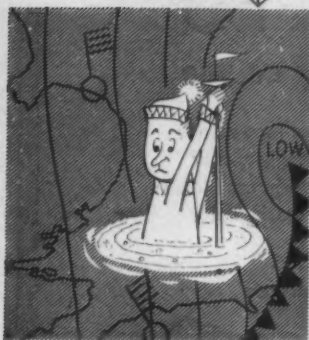
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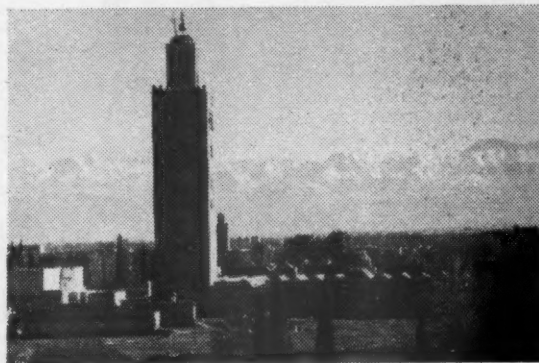
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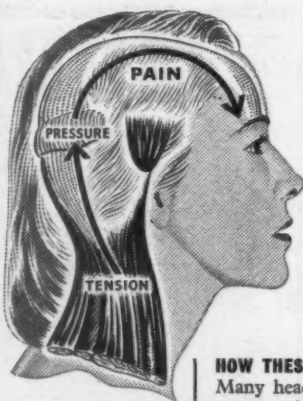
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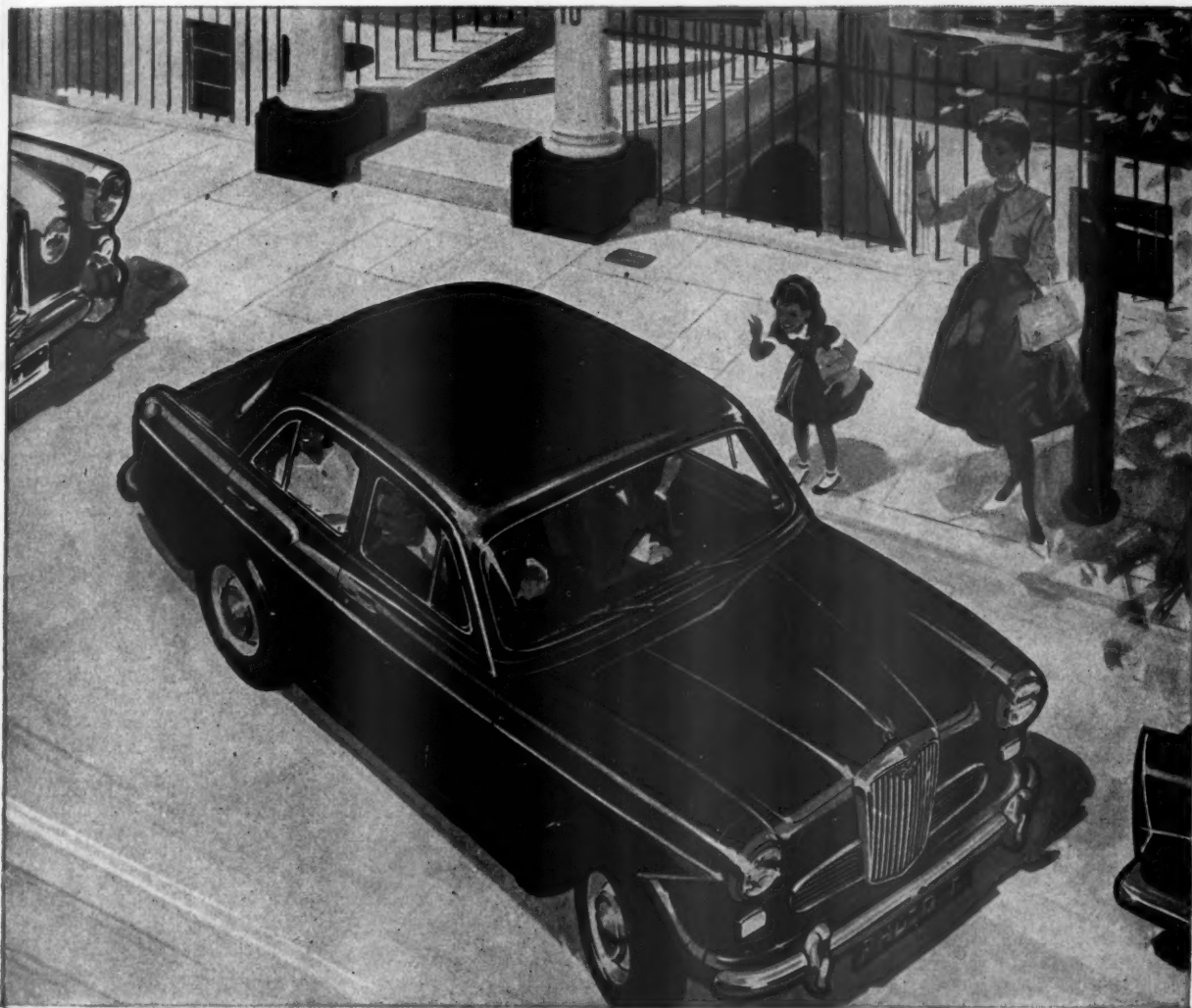
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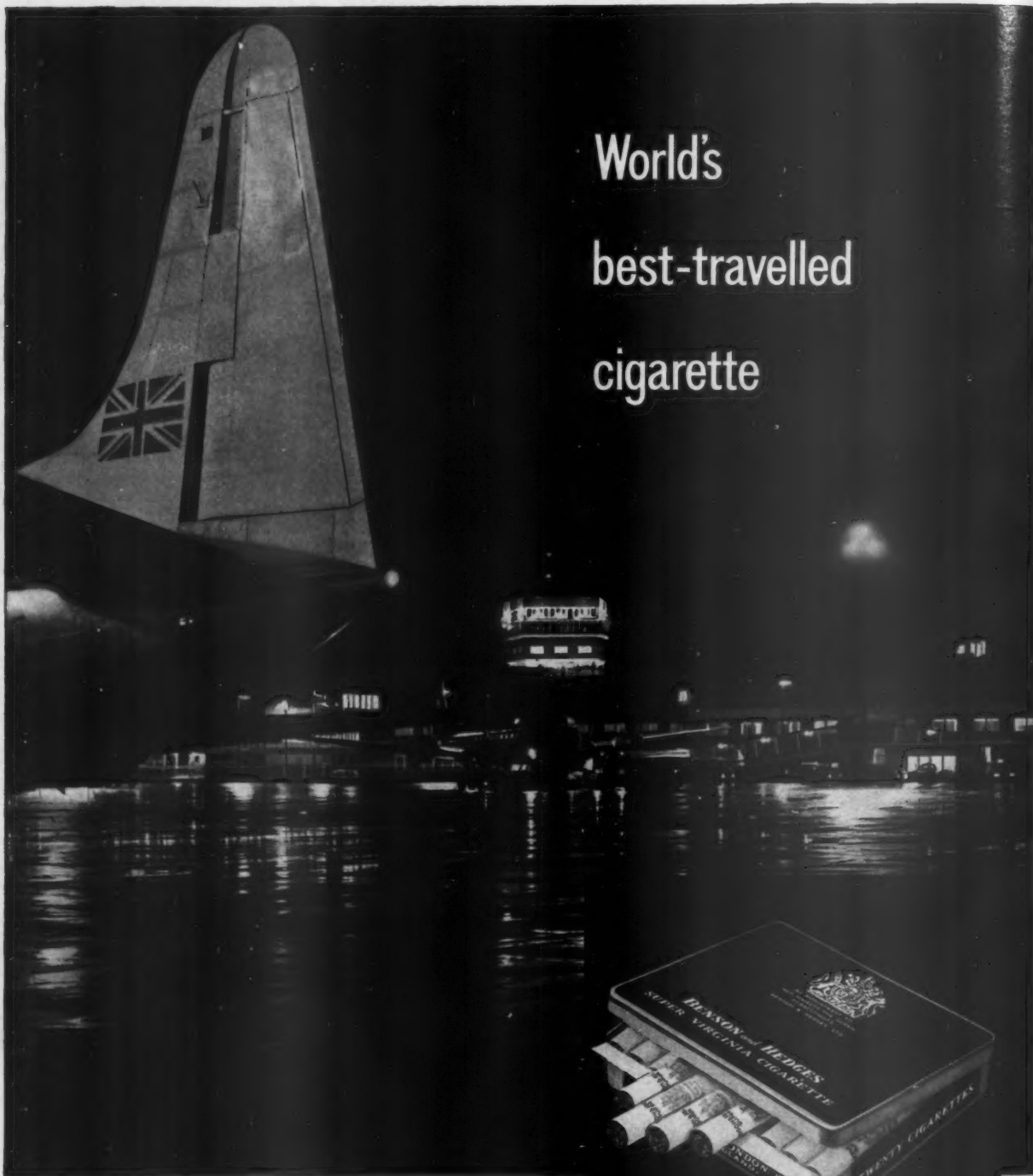
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